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Reviews "The Story of a Novel" by Thomas Wolfe

ALLAN NEVINS

Reviews Two Biographies of William Randolph Hearst

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Brown Bros. photo from "Hearst: Lord of San Simeon"

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

"For a few years more he may remain a menace to whatever is wholesome and progressive in American life and in international relations; but after that his 'empire' will completely collapse and he will be remembered only as a curious and transient phenomenon" . . .

(See page 5)

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Genius Is Not Enough

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

SOME months ago *The Saturday Review* serialized Mr. Thomas Wolfe's account of the conception, gestation, and as yet uncompleted delivery of his Novel, and Scribners are now publishing the three articles as a book.* It is one of the most appealing books of our time. No one who reads it can doubt Mr. Wolfe's complete dedication to his job or regard with anything but respect his attempt to describe the dark and nameless fury of the million-footed life swarming in his dark and unknown soul. So honest or so exhaustive an effort at self-analysis in the interest of esthetics has seldom been made in the history of American literature, and "The Story of a Novel" is likely to have a long life as a source-book for students of literature and for psychologists as well. But also it brings into the public domain material that has been hitherto outside the privilege of criticism. Our first essay must be to examine it in relation to Mr. Wolfe's novels, to see what continuities and determinants it may reveal, and to inquire into their bearing on the art of fiction.

BERNARD DE VOTO

Let us begin with one of many aspects of Mr. Wolfe's novels that impress the reader, the frequent recurrence of material to which one must apply the adjective placental. (The birth metaphors are imposed by Mr. Wolfe himself. In "The Story of a Novel" he finds himself big with first a thunder cloud and then a river. The symbolism of waters is obviously important to him, and the title of his latest novel is to be that of the series as a whole.) A great part of "Look Homeward, Angel" was just the routine first-novel of the period, which many novelists had published and many others had suppressed, the story of a sensitive and rebellious adolescent who was headed toward the writing of novels. The rest of it was not so easily catalogued. Parts of it showed intuition, understanding, and ecstasy, and an ability to realize all three in character and scene, whose equal it would have been hard to point out anywhere in the fiction of the time. These looked like great talent, and in such passages as the lunchroom scene in the dawn that Mr. Wolfe called nacreous some fifty times, they seemed to exist on both a higher and a deeper level of realization than any of Mr. Wolfe's contemporaries had attained. But also there were parts that looked very dubious indeed—long, whirling discharges of words, unabsorbed in the novel, unrelated to the proper business of fiction, badly if not altogether unacceptably written, raw gobs of emotion, aimless and quite meaningless jabber, claptrap, belches, grunts, and Tarzanlike screams. Their rawness, their unshaped quality, must be insisted upon; it was as if the birth of the novel had been accompanied by a lot of the material that had nourished its gestation. The material which nature and most novelists discard when its use has been served. It looked like one of two things, there was no telling which. It looked like the self-consciously literary posturing of a novelist too young and too naive to have learned his trade. Or, from another point of view, it looked like a document in psychic disintegration. And one of the most important questions in contemporary literature was: would the proportion of fiction to placenta increase or decrease in Mr. Wolfe's next book?

It decreased. If fiction of the quality of that lunchroom scene made up about one-fifth of "Look Homeward, Angel," it constituted, in "Of Time and the River," hardly more than a tenth. The placental material had enormously grown and, what was even more ominous, it now had a rationalization. It was as unshaped as before, but it had now been retroactively associated with the dark and nameless heaving of the voiceless and unknown womb of Time, and with the unknown and voiceless fury of the dark and lonely and lost America. There were still passages where Mr. Wolfe was a novelist not only better than most of his contemporaries but altogether out of their class. But they were pushed farther apart and even diluted when they occurred by this dark substance which may have been nameless but was certainly far from voiceless.

Certain other aspects of the new book seemed revealing. For one thing, there was a shocking contempt of the medium. Some passages were not completely translated from the "I" in which they had apparently been written to the "he" of Eugene Gant. Other passages alluded to incidents which had probably appeared in an earlier draft but could not be found in the final one. Others contradictorily reported scenes which had already appeared, and at least once a passage that had seen service already was re-enlisted for a second hitch in a quite different

* *THE STORY OF A NOVEL. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1936. $1.50.

Next Week

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN
By ARNOLD ZWEIG
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

ABINGER HARVEST
By E. M. FORSTER
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

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context, apparently with no recollection that it had been used before.

Again, a state of mind that had been appropriate to the puberty of Eugene seemed inappropriate as the boy grew older, and might therefore be significant. I mean the giantism of the characters. Eugene himself, in "Of Time and the River," was clearly a borderline manic-depressive: he exhibited the classic cycle in his alternation between "fury" and "despair," and the classic accompaniment of obsessional neurosis in the compulsions he was under to read all the books in the world, see all the people in Boston, observe all the lives of the man-swarm, and list all the names and places in America. That was simple enough, but practically every other character in the book also suffered from fury and compulsions; and, what was more suggestive, they were all twenty feet tall, spoke with the voice of trumpets and the thunder, ate like Pantagruel, wept like Niobe, laughed like Falstaff, and bellowed like the bulls of Bashan. The significant thing was that we were seeing them all through Eugene's eyes. To a child all adults are giants: their voices are thunderous, their actions are portentous and grotesquely magnified, and all their exhibited emotions are seismic. It looked as if part of Eugene's condition was an infantile regression.

THOMAS WOLFE

This appearance was reinforced by what seemed to be another stigma of infantilism: that all the experiences in "Of Time and the River" were on the same level and had the same value. When Mr. Gant died (of enough cancer to have exterminated an army corps), the reader accepted the accompanying frenzy as proper to the death of a man's father—which is one of the most important events in anyone's life. But when the same frenzy accompanied nearly everything else in the book—a ride on a railroad train, a literary tea-fight, a midnight lunch in the kitchen, a quarrel between friends, a walk at night, the rejection of a play, an automobile trip, a seduction that misfired, the discovery of Eugene's true love—one could only decide that something was dreadfully wrong. If the death of one's father comes out emotionally even with a ham-on-rye, then the art of fiction is cockeyed.

Well, "The Story of a Novel" puts an end to speculation and supplies some unexpected but very welcome light. To think of these matters as contempt of the medium, regression, and infantilism is to be too complex and subtle. The truth shows up in two much simpler facts: that Mr. Wolfe is still astonishingly immature, and that he has mastered neither the psychic material out of which a novel is made nor the technique of writing fiction. He does not seem aware of the first fact, but he acknowledges the second with a frankness and an understanding that are the finest promise to date for his future books. How far either defect is reparable it is idle to speculate. But at least Mr. Wolfe realizes that he is, as yet, by no means a complete novelist.

The most flagrant evidence of his incompleteness is the fact that, so far, one indispensable part of the artist has existed not in Mr. Wolfe but in Maxwell Perkins. Such organizing faculty and such critical intelligence as have been applied to the book have come not from inside the artist, not from the artist's feeling for form and esthetic integrity, but from the office of Charles Scribner's Sons. For five years the artist pours out words "like burning lava from a volcano"—with little or no idea what their purpose is, which book they belong in, what the relation of part to part is, what is organic and what irrelevant, or what emphasis or coloration in the completed work of art is being served by the job at hand. Then Mr. Perkins decides these questions—from without, and by a process to which rumor applies the word "assembly." But works of art cannot be assembled like a carburetor—they must be grown like a plant, or in Mr. Wolfe's favorite simile, like an embryo. The artist writes a hundred thousand words about a train: Mr. Perkins decides that the train is worth only five thousand words. But such a decision as this is properly not within Mr. Perkins's power; it must be made by the highly conscious self-criticism of the artist in relation to the pulse of the book itself. Worse still, the artist goes on writing till Mr. Perkins tells him that the novel is finished. But the end of a novel is, properly, dictated by the internal pressure, osmosis, metabolism—what you will—of the novel itself, of which only the novelist can have a first-hand knowledge. There comes a point where the necessities of the book are satisfied, where its organic processes have reached completion. It is hard to see how awareness of that point can manifest itself at an editor's desk—and harder still to trust the integrity of a work of art in which not the artist but the publisher has determined where the true ends and the false begins.

All this is made more ominous by Mr. Wolfe's almost incredibly youthful attitude toward revision. No novel is written till it is revised—the process is organic, it is one of the processes of art. It is, furthermore, the process above all others that requires objectivity, a feeling for form, a knowledge of what the necessities of the book are, a determination that those necessities shall outweigh and dominate everything else. It is, if not the highest functioning of the artistic intelligence, at least a fundamental and culminating one. But the process appears to Mr. Wolfe not one which will free his book from falsity, irrelevance, and its private incumbrances, not one which will justify and so exalt the artist—but one that makes his spirit quiver "at the bloody execution" and his soul "recoil from the carnage of so many lovely things." But superfluous and mistaken things are lovely to only a very young writer, and the excision of them is bloody carnage only if the artist has not learned to subdue his ego in favor of his book. And the same juvenility makes him prowl "the streets of Paris like a maddened animal" because—for God's sake!—the reviewers may not like the job.

The placental passages are now explained. They consist of psychic material which the novelist has proved unable to shape into fiction. The failure may be due either to immature understanding or to insufficient technical skill: probably both causes operate here and cannot be separated. The principle is very simple. When Mr. Wolfe gives us his doctors, undertakers, and newspapermen talking in a lunchroom at dawn, he does his job—magnificently. There they are, and the reader revels in the dynamic presentation of human beings, and in something else as well that should have the greatest possible significance for Mr. Wolfe. For while the doctors and undertakers are chaffing one another, the reader gets that feeling of the glamour and mystery of American life which Mr. Wolfe elsewhere unsuccessfully labors to evoke in thousands of rhapsodic words. The novelist makes his point in the lives of his characters, not in tidal surges of rhetoric.

Is America lost, lonely, nameless, and unknown? Maybe, and maybe not. But if it is, the condition of the novelist's medium requires him to make it lost and lonely in the lives of his characters, not in blank verse, bombast, and apocalyptic delirium. You cannot represent America by hurling adjectives at it. Do "the rats of death and age and dark oblivion feed forever at the roots of sleep?" It sounds like a high school valedictory, but if in fact they do then the novelist is constrained to show them feeding so by means of what his characters do and say and feel in relation to one another, and not by chasing the ghosts of Whitman and Ezekiel through fifty pages of dis-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Hearst in War, Hearst in Peace, and Hearst in the Hearts of His Countrymen

IMPERIAL HEARST: A SOCIAL BIOGRAPHY. By Ferdinand Lundberg. With a preface by Charles A. Beard. New York: Equinox Coöperative Press. 1936. $2.75.

HEARST, LORD OF SAN SIMEON. By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is not strange that two savagely critical biographies of William Randolph Hearst should appear almost simultaneously in the spring of 1936. They represent a timely counter-attack by liberal and radical sentiment upon one of the worst enemies of social and political progress the country has known. In the last five years Mr. Hearst, whose various publications lay claim to 30,000,000 purchasers, and whose newspapers have 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 actual readers every day, has intensified his efforts to promote governmental reaction, capitalistic oppression, and international hatred. He has made systematic efforts to terrorize liberal teachers, journalists, and lecturers; he has declared war upon Franklin D. Roosevelt and every other leader who argues for political reform and the correction of economic abuses; he has taken the side of every prominent advocate of fascism and imperialism in the United States and Europe alike. The first signal that a storm was gathering about his head appeared in speeches delivered at the Atlantic City convention of school superintendents in 1935. Years ago Dr. Charles W. Eliot declared that the verdict of the American people upon Hearst should be "ostracism and oblivion"; now a widespread movement is under way to give that phrase reality.

These two books, which appear hard on the heels of the "authorized" and eulogistic life by Mrs. Fremont Older, are much alike in temper and method. They are frankly additions to the literature of exposure. With genuine courage, they seek to tell the truth about Hearst from the time he was expelled from Harvard until his recent exploits in traducing Al Smith, Hoover, and Roosevelt alike, in endorsing Mussolini's and Hitler's acts, in libelling honest, hardworking, and conservative educators as dangerous communists, and in taking the side of predatory wealth wherever it is challenged. Naturally the two books contain much that is familiar; the rise of the Hearst press and the Spanish War in especial are old stories. Inevitably they duplicate each other in certain sections. But fortunately they not only contain much that is new, but in this new material they supplement each other. Mr. Lundberg's book, the longer and better documented, is particularly full upon Hearst's deeds and misdeeds since 1920. Anyone who wishes an account of Hearst's more recent ideas, policies, successes, and defeats; anyone in particular who wishes an analysis of his present-day "empire"—his newspapers, magazines, news-agency, motion picture interests, ranches, metropolitan real estate, mines, and timber-lands—and the way he manages it, will find the book indispensable. The volume by Messrs. Carlson and Bates, which has more literary quality and is more judicious in interpretation, is especially full upon Hearst's political activities and upon his private life. It contains the better analysis of Hearst's personality and achievements, as Mr. Lundberg's contains the more factual details. Both are valuable.

The writers all agree that in most senses of the word Hearst has been a

Keystone

HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Standing: Hearst, Irving Thalberg, Hal Wallace; seated: the late Asst. Secretary of the Navy Col. Henry Roosevelt, Marion Davies, and Baron Henri de Rothschild.

colossal failure. He has been a failure in politics. At times he has seemed to gather strength; it is sad to recall that men like "Jim" Reed of Missouri, Senator Copeland, and James Hamilton Lewis have supported him for high office, and that President after President has entertained him. But he has never held a place of power or honor, and his last real effort—his bid for the New York Senatorship in 1922—was crushed by Al Smith in the most humiliating way. As to his business career, except for the vast and productive mining properties inherited from his parents, it would doubtless long since have come to an ignominious end. He has been a failure in newspaper-making. Not a single durable or honorable feature of present-day journalism can be traced to his hand. He has been a failure in influence. After a long life (he is now seventy-three) he now holds in his hands, as Dr. Beard says, "the dust and ashes of defeat," for he is "respected by none whose respect is worthy of respect." For a few years more he may remain a menace to whatever is wholesome and progressive in American life and in international relations; but after that his "empire" will completely collapse and he will be remembered only as a curious and transient phenomenon.

As a phenomenon he will deserve, when the full story can be told, much fuller analysis than he receives here. Good as these books are, they hardly place him in his setting. From the elder James Gordon Bennett and Charles A. Dana down to our present tabloids the streak of sensationalism runs through a full hundred years of American journalism. The authors hardly indicate Hearst's debt to various "yellow" predecessors and contemporaries. (Mr. Lundberg does touch on the influence of the more venal and scabrous French journals.) They hardly indicate the fact that a great part of semi-respectable American journalism today is as bad as Hearst. It may be questioned whether any Hearst newspaper has exerted a more vicious influence in the last decade, for example, than the Chicago *Tribune*. The authors do reveal part of the secret of Hearst's continuous hold upon some part of the American public. Time after time he has been exposed—after the Spanish War, after McKinley's assassination, after his pro-German displays in 1917, after his efforts to foment trouble with Japan and Mexico, after his papers were found guilty of stealing Associated Press news. But he has always emerged with little damage from the successive waves of attack. One reason is that his press is read by the most ignorant and forgetful part of the public. Another is that he has always been able to buy supporters. Lawyers, preachers, writers, college heads, even labor leaders (though these books show him a potent enemy of labor) have ever been ready to go on his payroll. But the reasons probably go deeper still, and will repay further exploration.

These are interesting books. Readers will find Mr. Lundberg's chapter on Hearst's use of gangsters in promoting his Chicago circulation, Messrs. Carlson's and Bates's account of Hearst as "the millionaire radical," 1903-1909, for example, engrossing. They are far from final. Mr. Lundberg puts down a good many statements that are hypothetical and dubious. The other volume is sometimes sketchy. But they are valuable aids toward understanding not only one of the unhappiest figures in American journalism, but one of the unhappiest sides of our national life.

Allan Nevins, professor of history at Columbia University, was formerly an editor of the New York Evening Post, *and later an editor of the* New York World.

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The Donner Tragedy

ORDEAL BY HUNGER. By George R. Stewart, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1936. $2.75.

SNOW COVERED WAGONS. By Julia Cooley Altrocchi. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. SLOANE III

EMBEDDED in the human chronicle are some few short stories so tragic and horrible that the tender-minded may well prefer to skip them entirely. One such is the story of the raft of the *Medusa*, another the grim journey of the Donner wagon train, California-bound ninety years ago this coming summer. The eighty-two men, women, and children of the party were trapped in the snow at Lake Truckee, now Donner Lake. Of the forty-seven who survived, many lived only because they had been willing to eat the flesh of the dead.

Mr. Stewart's admirable narrative tells the story of that "ordeal by hunger" in full historical detail. He begins at the Little Sandy River, where the Donner Party split off from a larger wagon train and began a disastrous short-cut, first across the waterless sands of the Great Salt Plain, where they lost much vital strength and equipment, and later over the Wahsatch Mountains, where a road had to be hewed, for miles, by axes.

The pass over the Sierras into the Sacramento Valley lies at the head of Donner Lake. When the wagons reached it, the short mountain autumn was over. Snow was falling, the tired oxen could not drag the heavy wagons up the last steep granite pitches, and the party had to return to the lake. There they built a few miserable shelters and prepared to spend the winter. Their food was almost gone, and snow lies on the Sierra slopes from November to June. Catastrophe was upon them.

The events of that winter, even in Mr. Stewart's impartial account, can scarcely be read without revulsion. These emigrants were substantial folk; most of them had brought along valuable furniture and even large sums of money. California had lured them by its climate, its rich farm lands, and the Westward urge that characterized their times. They were not a unit, an army on the march, but a heterogeneous collection of human beings in the grip of disaster.

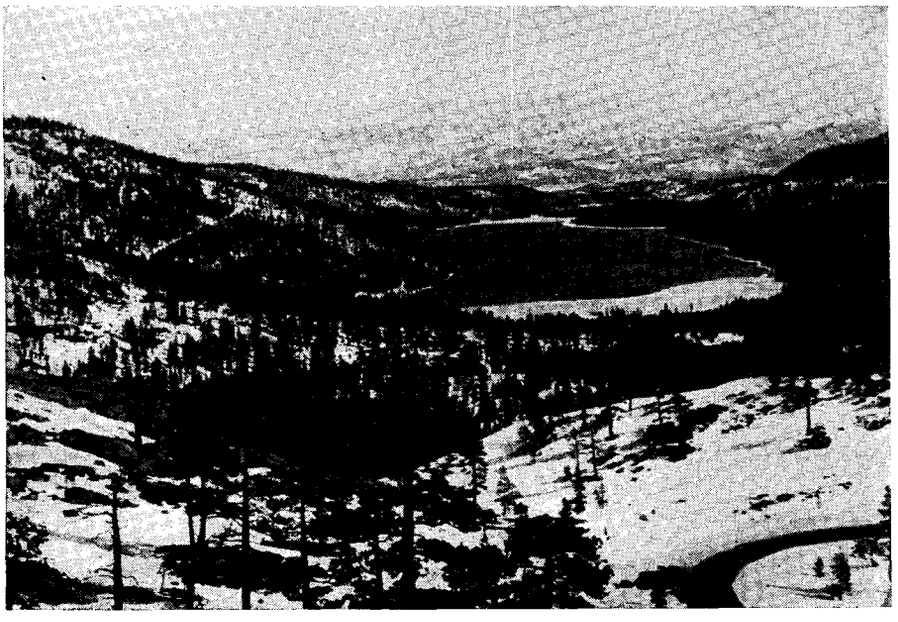
Individually, some of them reacted to that disaster with self-denying courage. But in the main, each man's hand was against his brother, each man hoarded what he had of food or shelter. When every other supply had failed, they ate one another's bodies. The rescue parties finally reached the hovels, far below the surface of the twelve-foot deep drifts, to find as miserable a human encampment as any in history.

As Mr. Stewart tells the tale, it comes to life in horror and tragedy. He writes swiftly, surely, dramatically, and with impartial accuracy. Almost every member of the party is recreated with skill and sympathy. His book is grand—if you have the stomach for the story.

In her effort to put the same narrative into verse, Mrs. Altrocchi has not fared so well. One may question whether any but a great poet could handle such a theme. In her own preface to "Snow Covered Wagons" the author admits "The book, then, is an epic by virtue of its material, not its treatment." Too often she is betrayed into absurdities like this:

> . . . the legless form
> Of Uncle Jacob lies, his sleeping face
> Most dreadfully preserved in ruthless snow,
> His front ripped open like a buffalo.

Her theme proves too large for her, and her book emerges as a mere scenario.



DONNER LAKE: From "*Snow Covered Wagons.*"

Resident Aliens in the United States

ALIEN AMERICANS. By B. Schrieke. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD YOUNG

DR. SCHRIEKE, a visiting alien scholar and Dutch colonial administrator, has read about, talked about, and looked over resident aliens throughout the United States. A little library work in Europe and two weeks less than a year in America under the sponsorship of the Julius Rosenwald Fund proved sufficient time for the visitor to gather his facts and write his book. The result is amazing, for "Alien Americans" rapidly, smoothly, and shrewdly surveys and appraises the minority races and nationalities with an accuracy, perspective, persuasiveness, and force which would do credit to many years of study.

Alien criticism of American ways may be resented because of its source, but its foreign basis not infrequently is its greatest merit. At the time Dr. Schrieke was invited to come to this country to study Negro life and education he had never met an American Negro, nor was he apparently acquainted with the literature in the field. He was, however, thoroughly acquainted with education and race relations in the Dutch East Indies. It is the manner in which his colonial experience and his freedom from traditional American biases, both scientific and popular, have permitted him to write a fresh account of an old story that makes his book worth reading even by the race relations specialist who may know every fact that is in it.

So far as facts are concerned, "Alien Americans" presents nothing new, nothing that cannot be found in the ordinary textbooks. The limited time available for the study alone made it necessary to work with the readily accessible printed materials. Similarly, the time schedule required that direct observation of minority peoples be hurried and superficial. Yet the old facts so gathered have been sorted and so marshalled that the American background takes definite, understandable form as America's experience with Chinese, Japanese, Mexican, Indian, and European immigrant minorities is described and interpreted in the first hundred pages preliminary to an approximately equal number of pages on the Negro. One might wish that Indian-white relations had been treated more adequately, that Jewish-gentile problems had been given a separate section equivalent to that devoted to the Chinese in California, that the Filipino had not been relegated to a page and a fraction in an appendix. Such wishes, however, should be interpreted less as criticism than as evidence of intellectual appetite sharp-

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ened by the author's skilful utilization of the facilities at his command.

Unfortunately, the facilities at Dr. Schrieke's command did not include opportunity to become acquainted with the people whose behavior he studied. His observations are the observations of a keen scholar whose ideas have been drawn from the printed and spoken words of others rather than from intimate appreciation of the ambitions, fears, pains, and pleasures of the subjects of concern. He sees that "Negroes are perhaps the most loyal American citizens and the most thoroughly Americanized," but does not make allowance for the many cultural variants found in our colored population. He has noted that Negro groupings "follow the color line" but shows no understanding of the origin of intra-racial color distinctions or of their personal and social meaning to individuals of varying complexions. There is constant failure of recognition that minority peoples invariably have their own peculiar patterns of behavior, standards of judgment, attitudes, and other cultural differentials.

In spite of Dr. Schrieke's important contribution to clarity of thought concerning the Oriental, European, and Mexican immigrant, it must not be forgotten that the object of his study was a report on "Negro life and education, especially in the Southern states." All else is background, and properly so. Even the Northern and urbanized Negro is given but brief attention. Much of the background, however, seems but distantly related to the conclusions of the final chapter on "Prejudice or Progress" which finds that the problem of the New South is not the revival of cash crops, not the further development of industrialism, but the building up of the "new peasant" who will be characterized by education for rural life, diversified crops, and all the advantages of modern life capable of decentralization.

Donald Young is on the staff of the Social Science Research Council.

Congressional Records

THE STORY OF CONGRESS, 1789-1935. *By Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

ON March 4, 1933, the American Congress, which prides itself on being a coördinate branch of the national government, began to play the most subordinated role in its history. Until the Supreme Court came to the rescue, abdication was even more complete than it had been during the war which, for its successful waging, required presidential dictatorship. But apart from wars or depressions or strong men in the White House, Congress continually bows to the presidency and the judiciary in the sense that it is the subject of fewer books. Mr. Bates points out that "aside from a single forgotten work, published in 1895, no one has troubled to write a history of Congress."

Few will dissent from his opinion that "the institution of Congress, with all its faults, deserves more consideration than" it has hitherto received. Many, however, will maintain that chief consideration should be given to the faults in the hope that they may be corrected. That is not Mr. Bates's emphasis. He has written chronologically. The tale of Congress begins with the Federalist foundation, which was succeeded by Jeffersonian and then by Jacksonian democracy. The twenty years before the Civil War are described as a "compromise with slavocracy." The "overthrow of slavocracy" was accomplished by the end of Grant's administration. "Industrial capitalism" lasted until the advent of Theodore Roosevelt who, with Wilson (after the Taft interregnum), gave us an "era of reforms." "Financial capitalism" followed under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and "The New Deal" is still with us.

Mr. Bates makes little attempt to justify his use of these labels and to show that they are accurate descriptions of nine segments of congressional history. The periods are subdivided by presidential administrations and further subdivided by Congresses—seventy-four in number. The result is an immense mass of detail. So many persons and laws are mentioned that the index runs to twenty pages. The grist from the statutory mill flows steadily for a time, then is checked by a campaign, by foreign complications, or by a clash of personalities and then begins to flow again. All this detail is not nearly so dull as the reader anticipates. It is always brightened and occasionally illuminated by a sprightly style and unneutral characterization. But endowing trees with adjectives does not keep them from hiding the woods.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
Author of "The Story of Congress" and co-author of "Hearst" *(see page 5).*

Congress as an institution, as a part of the machinery of representative institutions, rarely emerges from the shadow. We learn what Congress has done but are told little or nothing of why and how it has done it. Attention to why and how would mean interest in the occupational background of Congress, the nature and mechanics of its leadership, the consequences of the committee system, the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of rules of procedure, the relations between the two houses, legislative aloofness from administrative policy, and ex post facto inquisitions. The story of Congress can be adequately told without a consideration of *all* these matters. But the hero of the story becomes unreal when *none* is dealt with. In short, Mr. Bates gives his readers insufficient help in determining whether there is any point in the hoary anecdote of the Congressman's son watching the House of Representatives assemble, listening to the Chaplain, and then asking: "Father, why does that man look at you Congressmen and then pray for the country?"

Lindsay Rogers is professor of public law at Columbia University. He is the author of "The American Senate."

Amos Lakin

By JESSE STUART

THIS is the place to hang my coat and hat,
To shelve my books and keep my overshoes;
The place to keep the hound dog and the cat,
This shack so silent save the wind that blows.
My apple-butter stir hangs on the wall,
My wash-tub catches water at the drain,
And from the smoke-house rag-sack young wrens call
Until the old wrens fill their craws again.
This is my house and wooded land I own;
These are my fields where spotted kildees fly;
These are my trees, my grass, my rugged stone,
My green leaves quivering on the evening sky.
I can read books and wear my overshoes
And wear my hat or hang it on the nail;
And I can listen to the wind that blows
Or lone-bob-bobbing of the evening quail.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Selling by Oversimplification

THE series of cartoons by James Thurber which ran some time ago in *The New Yorker* under the title "The War Between Men and Women" might well be followed by some ambitious cartoonist with another series called "The War Between Readers and Writers." Some recent remarks in these columns on the "Laboratory in Readability" at Teachers College, which proposes to rewrite "many deep tracts" for the "average American," were followed by correspondence from readers complaining that writers themselves are to blame for the existence of this enterprise: if writers would take the trouble to write clearly, there would be no need for a Laboratory in Readability, and no one would have bothered to organize it.

Clarity, however, is not the issue. Of course there is plenty of writing that is needlessly obscure; this can be traced to the writer's laziness, or to the fact that many writers work under pressure. Conversely, there are many readers who do not give themselves a chance to find out whether a book will interest them or not. There is certainly as much intellectual laziness among readers as intellectual incapacity. And for some readers there is likely to be a certain amount of inertia to be overcome in beginning a new book —a certain number of pages to read with more or less effort, before the book hits its stride and carries the reader along. Naturally readers would like to have writers do most of the work.

But clarity versus obscurity is not the issue; everybody agrees that clarity is desirable, and no one but a second-rate esthete would advance an argument on behalf of obscurity for its own sake. The issue is accuracy versus oversimplification. Is a new idea to be presented faithfully in all its complexity, at the risk of going unheeded by the hypothetical "average reader?" Or is it to be given out in homeopathic doses, at the risk of distorting or losing the idea itself?

"Popularization" has long been an important word among writers and publishers. Many writers have made an honest living out of the popularization of science, history, economics, philosophy, and other systems of scholarship, long before the Laboratory in Readability was ever heard of. Many of them have succeeded not only in making a living but in getting across some fairly complicated ideas. Many of them, as a by-product, have interested some of their readers sufficiently to send them even into the "deep tracts" which the Laboratory in Readability deplores. There are other popularizers, however, who do serious injustice to the ideas they are supposedly trying to bring home to their audience; in fact they frequently aim so low at their audience as to stultify both the idea and the reader.

To see how this kind of popularizing operates, look at any recent intellectual fad. Psychoanalysis, for example. From as far back as the nineties Freud and others were writing "deep tracts" which made little impression on the popular mind until, early in the twenties, the good offices of André Tridon and his confrères brought to palpitating thousands this distillation: psychoanalysis traces all human behavior to the sexual instinct. This popularization had just enough accuracy in it to be extremely misleading; it gave people something they could understand, without any of the complex qualifications which would have made their understanding valuable. Another example can be found in the system of economic ideas which informed a number of deep tracts until it was given a label, oversimplified, and oversold. The label was technocracy. In the literary field, a recent instance was Humanism, which began in the scholarly writings of Irving Babbitt, and ended in a brief series of journalistic brawls, with the neo-Confederates bringing up the reinforcements for the Humanists. It would be interesting to know how many of the readers and writers who embraced psychoanalysis in 1922 turned to Humanism in 1930; how many of the Humanists became technocrats in 1934; and of those, how many are now, in line with the prevalent intellectual fad, calling themselves communists.

For the sake of clarity, let us emphasize that none of this is to be construed as an attack upon or a defense of the ideas underlying psychoanalysis, technocracy, humanism, or communism. The point is that the first three of these fields of mental endeavor were very quickly oversold through the wrong kind of popularization to the general reader, with the result that many general readers never want to hear of them again. The fourth, communism, has perhaps not yet been oversold; "Das Kapital" is a very deep tract indeed, and no one has yet put the gist of it into a single misleading phrase: but give the young communist critics time, and they will. Nothing catches the popular imagination like a slogan; nothing backfires so quickly. "Make the world safe for democracy"; "back to normalcy"; "a chicken in every pot"—all admirable desiderata, but they won't be heard over the radios during the coming campaign.

In short, there is good popularization and there is bad popularization. What the reading public wants is certainly not oversimplification, for the oversimplifier enjoys a brief success and a long oblivion. But the general reader will reward the writer who can clarify a complex idea without destroying its complexity. And often the best popularization in the scientific field is done by the scientists themselves, without benefit of rewrite men. A Huxley, a William James, a Bertrand Russell, an Eddington, or a Jeans needs no hack writer to translate for him. This suggests that the general reader's intelligence is often underestimated by oversimplification.

A Handmaid of Literature

Slowly but surely the alliance between the screen and literature is taking on new importance. Not so long ago it was "David Copperfield" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that were drawing their thousands; last week H. G. Wells's "Things to Come" held the limelight. The movie theatre no longer fears the classical like Dickens and Shakespeare. It still, to be sure, goes warily about its business, selecting such works and authors as have proved their power with the many, but there is no doubt that it is increasingly hitching its wagon not to the star of personality but to that of literary achievement. With the resources at its command it should be able to rescue some of the works of grandeur which for generations have been venerated—and left unread by the multitude.

Ten Years Ago

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant reviewed "The Plumed Serpent" by D. H. Lawrence in The Saturday Review of April 24, 1926. "*What other writer of our age,*" asked Miss Sergeant, "*has such powers to enclose a country in the covers of a book; to give a novel the sweep of a giant painted panorama, and, at the same time, to lend it the sharp visibility of an engraving?*" She went on to say, however, that the book was one "*of hate, tense, parched, unsatisfied,*" and that Mexico "*was to Lawrence a sort of poisoned cup*" from which he felt compelled to drink.

Among the other books reviewed in this same issue were "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" by P. N. Krassnoff, and Vincent Sheean's "An American Among the Riffi." The latter was described as "*the work of a literary artist of no small talent,*" a book which was "*distinctly illuminating*" and "*delightfully entertaining*"—phrases which anticipated the critical enthusiasm for Mr. Sheean's recent, best-selling "Personal History."

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Letters to the Editor: *"The Thinking Reed" and "The Green Lion"*

Miss West's Novel

SIR:—When every literary sheet except *The Saturday Review* praised "The Thinking Reed" by Rebecca West, I should have known that *The Saturday Review* was right. Miss Loveman does not lightly call a book "utterly unimportant." I should have remembered that Mr. William Rose Benét also kept his head when the world was going noisily mad over "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." But I bought "The Thinking Reed" anyway because I had always found Miss West's work amusing, if not always satisfying. After reading half a dozen chapters I decided that Miss Loveman had been too gentle in her disapproval. Where were the wit, the insight, the crisp phrase that made the previous volume of stories enjoyable in spite of the lack of complete development? The book was too deeply involved in its own sophistry at the end of the first third ever to extricate itself. So I gave up. I shall never know if the ingenious process of self-justification that went on in the mind of this "thinking reed" continued to the end.—But I do know that *The Saturday Review* is to be depended upon.

HELEN BIRD PETTEE.

Chicago, Ill.

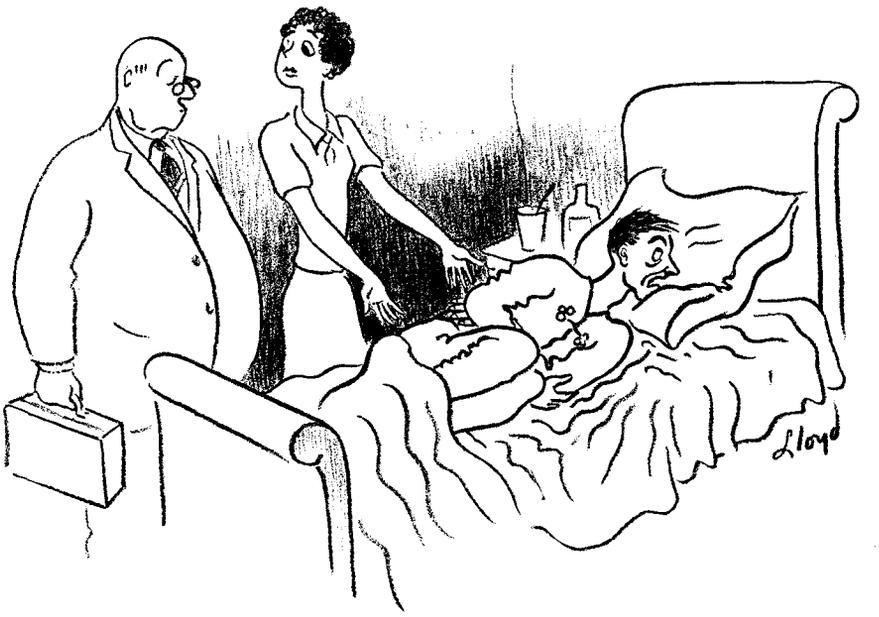
Mr. Hackett's Novel

SIR:—Of all ways of reviewing a novel it seems to me that Mrs. Sperry's in hers of "The Green Lion" is the most wrong-headed: she pours mockery on the book because it is not the sort that she thinks it should be. No one reading her review would have the slightest idea what Francis Hackett's novel is about, what his central character stands for, or his sentiments or his actions. She quotes something that goes through his mind as he is departing from his country and remarks: "it is perhaps strange that the thought of staying behind and seeing the coming struggle through never seems to have entered his mind. A pity that, for then he might have been present at the obsequies of Cathleen ni Houlihan, me poor ould Granuaile and Deirdre of the Sorrows who left us Easter, 1916. Would they might rest in peace!" Could reviewing be more irrelevant? If Jerry Coyne had stayed to observe the obsequies of the emblematical ladies mentioned, wouldn't "The Green Lion" be another kind of book? She remarks in another passage "This could have been a grand book. Ireland in the nineties provides admirable material. It was a time of strong passions and violent political feeling. Arthur Griffith was already getting a hold on the people and the revolution was actually in stealthy progress." Arthur Griffith was not getting a hold on the people in the nineties for the sufficient reason that he was in South Africa as a miner until 1898. Later on the revolution was in progress, and Francis Hackett makes a reader feel that there is a stealthy progress towards something dangerous. Certainly there were strong passions and violent political feelings in the period: the author of "The Green Lion" makes us feel that his hero's personality has been shaped by such passions and feelings.

Readers who have prepossessions of what should go into a novel of Irish life (practically all the reading public seems to have them) will have many surprises in the reading of "The Green Lion." It is not about political violence; it is not stuffed with amusing irrationalities. It tells how a youth develops in a country that is slowly and grimly striving to integrate itself. Unlike practically all novels of Irish life the central character lives on more than one social stratum: he begins amongst the affluent peasantry—"the strong farmers" as they are called; he grows up amongst the bourgeoisie in a provincial city; he encounters the powerful, dangerously-placed landowners; he is trained as the leaders of today's Ireland have been trained, by the laborious but too-formed Jesuits. And apart altogether from his environment Jerry Coyne with his mixture of fine romanticism and tough realism is an appealing and significant person. I think it should have been noted that the volume published is the first in a trilogy that deals with the development of an educated young European of Catholic origins who is an immigrant into the American scene.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York City.



"THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR IN THE COOK BOOK."

Ouida for Men

SIR:—Mrs. Gerould's paper on "Feminine Fiction" has her usual clever touch—but why, may I ask, were the "lady novelists" of the latter half of the nineteenth century chosen for exhibition exclusively British when America had plenty of her own contemporary with the group placed on display? Some of them, moreover, were exceptionally good ones.

One wonders, too, why, of all women novelists of either the later nineteenth century, or any other, "Ouida" was included in a group specifically labeled as "women writers for women?" That appears to me as a genuine howler. "Ouida" was read by women, it is true; but she was read just as widely by men, if not even more so. As much of a he-man as Prince Bismarck was one of her "fans" and many other celebrated males of that era were regulars. But what is especially to be noted is the fact that "Ouida" was the arch-sophisticate of her day, whose novels were considered too "Frenchy" and "risqué" for "nice people." As a youngster I was introduced to the pages of "Ouida" by persons exclusively of the male gender—with the warning not to let these books "lie around where girls and women will get hold of them."

BEACH FRANCIS.

Chicago, Ill.

Acumen

SIR:—The attacks on Mr. Ernest Boyd in your April 11 issue serve to deepen my appreciation of his acumen, culture, and commonsense.

The real Irish are sickened by the bilgy stream that a number of mentally strabismic writers are distilling as the essence of Ireland. . . .

KATHLEEN SHERIDAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

William Ellery Leonard

SIR:—Your readers must include many who have taken courses with William Ellery Leonard at the University of Wisconsin or have received an occasional letter from him, or have known him in some other way. May I appeal to them to communicate with me at 7 Park Avenue, New York City? I am preparing an authorized biography of Mr. Leonard, and am most anxious to secure all available material.

CLARA LEISER.

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From Harvard to Moscow

JOHN REED: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTIONARY. By Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.50.

ONE OF US. By Granville Hicks and Lynd Ward. New York: The Equinox Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by GRAHAM R. TAYLOR

THOSE who had even the slightest contact with John Reed understand the appeal his personality makes not only to a host of idealistic and radical youth, but to countless others who value independence, courage, and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause. One does not have to be a one hundred per cent adherent of the cause to which John Reed gave his life to recognize and respect his fundamental sincerity and spirit.

In the pages of Mr. Hicks's biography others may now share in this understanding of an extraordinary and vivid personality—American to the core and rebel in every fibre. The full-length portrait of the man presented in "John Reed: the Making of a Revolutionary" fulfills well the high promise of that remarkable earlier sketch "One of Us," in which Mr. Hicks, in exactly thirty paragraphs, managed to epitomize the essential facts and quality of that flaming life which, in its thirty-third year, burned itself out beside the Kremlin Wall.

Reed was a scion of an Oregon first family. His grandfather was a rugged pioneer who became Portland's foremost industrialist. His father turned from a business career to become associated with Francis J. Heney in the courageous and thrilling struggle to ferret out the grafters, politicians, and big corporations, responsible for extensive land frauds. Coming to an Eastern school Reed's irrepressibility was a plague to the masters. At Harvard his impetuosity and audacity made the social leaders look at him askance. He wanted to be accepted, but on his own terms—which weren't theirs. He did not "make" the more exclusive clubs, but his vigor and originality in expression won membership in the Hasty Pudding Club, and on the staffs of the *Lampoon* and *Monthly*. Although his lifelong contempt of snobbery was already strong, Reed did happen, curiously enough, to align himself with the richer students of Mt. Auburn Street, where he lived, against hoi polloi of the Yard, and in the class election struggle went down to defeat along with Hamilton Fish, Jr.! But the greatest single influence in his Harvard years was Charles Townsend Copeland. "There are two men," Reed wrote in 1917, "who give me confidence in myself, who make me want to work, and to do nothing unworthy." One of them was "Copey," the other Lincoln Steffens, who influenced him profoundly in the years just after college.

The one decade of life which John Reed had beyond graduation saw him identifying himself closely with those he felt to be the victims of social injustice. Into the strike of the Paterson silk workers he put every ounce of energy he had, day and night. Sent as a correspondent to Mexico he saw Villa as the leader and savior of the oppressed peons and again Reed's idealism swept him into zealous espousal of their cause. His vivid despatches and articles from Mexico gave him a reputation as a war correspondent and in the early part of the Great War he was sending back to America articles which emphasized the plight of the common soldier, tired, puzzled, and uncomplaining, under the brutality to which he was subjected. Then came Russia, the hectic weeks during which the Bolsheviks seized power; and, after trips back to America, the final months of participation in Soviet activities, including travel to a congress in Baku, following which he fell victim in Moscow to the disease which brought his life to a close on October 17, 1920.

Mr. Hicks rightly lays emphasis on the outstanding importance of "Ten Days That Shook the World." When all is said and done, more people probably will know John Reed by that one book than by all else he did, put together. For it still remains the best single description of what took place hour by hour in those momentous days of November, 1917. It is not only graphic and stirring, but highly factual and especially valuable for its reproduction of many documents on which decisive action turned.

JOHN REED
From a portrait by Robert Hallowell.

To anyone who breathed the surcharged air of Petrograd and Moscow in the fateful fall and winter of 1917-18, "Ten Days That Shook the World" brings gripping recollections. And among them are unforgettable memories of John Reed himself, absorbed in the tremendous drama to the significance of which he seemed so highly sensitized. When he was first arrested, in the Paterson strike, his answer to the question "Your profession?" was "Poet"; he had already written stirring verse which was bringing recognition. To his newspaper reporter's sixth sense in discerning the crux of the situation there was added in truth the poet's exaltation and earnestness. So earnest were his efforts to interpret what was going on, not only to the whole world, but to every individual with whom he came in contact, that no degree of inhospitality to his interpretation daunted him. At the Christmas Dinner the American Red Cross gave to Americans left in Petrograd six weeks after the epoch-making "Ten Days," Reed happened to sit next to the hard-boiled and cynical representative of a New York firm of war profiteers—a man whose ideas of democracy had been determined by long identification with Tammany Hall. Their conversation completely absorbed the attention of those of us who sat directly across the table. They no more spoke the same language than a Hottentot and an Eskimo, but the earnestness with which Reed tried to interpret the dawn of the new social order to this unregenerated representative of capitalism at its piratical worst, is an index of the impressive sincerity of the man.

To say that this biography of John Reed is adequate to the subject is high praise, for even those who knew him well will testify to the difficulty of understanding and interpreting the kaleidoscopic pattern of his activities and his moods. Yet Mr. Hicks is successful where perhaps, and very likely, one of Reed's intimates, eager though he might have been, could only have failed. Despite a sometimes too evident and pronounced "left" bias and an occasional sharp sarcasm toward those who honestly disagree, Mr. Hicks has, on the whole, given the reader the facts upon which to base his own estimate and interpretation. There is just enough soundly discerning indication of the key characteristics of the man to help in that interpretation. What some one will remember as instances of boorish manners are seen to be only the less felicitous expressions of a splendid independence and defiance. He would say what he honestly thought even if it meant insistent challenging of President Mellen of the New Haven railroad, invited to speak to a student club of which Reed was a member; even if in later years it led him to a savage face to face attack on Theodore Roosevelt, the idol of his father, to whom Reed was devoted. And though his stories, "sometimes accurate and always colorful," outraged the meticulous, Hicks points out that while Reed "did not hesitate to rearrange incidents

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to suit whatever pattern he desired, he was rigorously faithful to the visual impression of each event. He was indifferent to the accuracy of the historian, but he had the integrity of the poet." It is only in the light of such understanding that one can approach Reed's personality with fairness.

The thoroughgoing quality of Mr. Hicks's achievement was made possible through the sponsorship and backing of a committee of Harvard alumni. Only with this support could the painstaking and comprehensive collection of material have been carried out. The list of a hundred and fifty or more persons to whom acknowledgements are made is in itself a remarkable indication of the range and variety of Reed's associations. An appendix gives interesting notes, chapter by chapter, of the sources of information; and one of the valuable parts of the book is the full bibliography of all that was published by Reed and about him.

The activities of the committee of Harvard graduates are an interesting commentary on the implication in both this book and "One of Us" that everything in John Reed that made his life notable was opposed to traditional Harvard. Mr. Hicks seems to forget the long succession of sons of Harvard, from abolitionist days backwards and forwards, who have had the courage of their convictions and faced opprobrium in identifying themselves with unpopular causes. It is, of course, one of Harvard's great traditions that she has placed unfailing emphasis on the value and freedom of the individual. It is characteristic of that tradition that the committee which helped make this biography possible and which recently presented a portrait of John Reed to Harvard included not only liberals and radicals but even one of Mr. Hoover's most devoted disciples and close personal assistants, who from college days to the end of Reed's life was a loyal friend.

In making the gift of the portrait, the committee pointed out that though the members of the group held various political opinions they wanted to see recognition given to the "qualities of courage, idealism, and independent mind" exemplified by Reed. It is also to the credit of the university and in line with its tradition that the portrait was not only accepted but placed in Adams House—which happens to be the dormitory on the site of the building in which Reed lived while an undergraduate. "One of Us" is the title Mr. Hicks gave to his earlier sketch. It was well chosen if intended to include not merely the orthodox partisans of the political faith which Reed embraced, but the whole great company of believers in the worth of the courageous "independent mind."

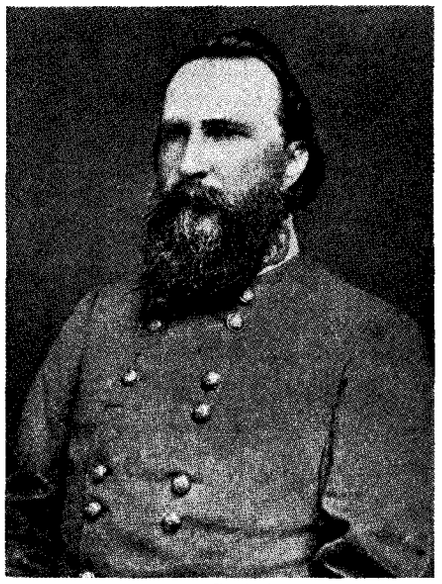
Graham Taylor was special assistant to the American Ambassador to Russia, 1916-19. In 1922, as a member of the Commission of the National Information Bureau, he returned to Russia to study and report on famine relief.

Portrait of a Stubborn Man

JAMES LONGSTREET, LEE'S WAR HORSE. By H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IT is time that we had a good, modern life of James Longstreet, and Messrs. Eckenrode and Conrad have fulfilled their task admirably. The stress is, as they state, upon his military career, but the stress is perfectly just. Longstreet was not, like Lee, the idol of a nation and nobody would ever have said of him, "I had heard of God but here was General Longstreet." He was not, like Hamilton, a man of great and diverse brilliance who at one time practised arms. He was in many respects, a most admirable soldier—in some respects a remarkably difficult one—and it is upon his soldiering that his fame rests. Here, that military career is treated fairly, thoroughly, and in great detail. And, in doing so, Messrs. Eckenrode and Conrad have also succeeded in painting, with as much picturesqueness as the subject allows, a definite human portrait of an extremely stubborn man.



Cook Studios, Richmond

JAMES LONGSTREET

That they have been able to do so, with as much fairness and candor as they have shown, speaks well for them as biographers. For, "They're all out of step but Jim" might have been Longstreet's professional motto and whatever happened, he always knew that he was right. He consistently thought himself a far better general than Lee and yearned as consistently for independent command—yet his only two adventures in independent command were remarkably unsuccessful—and it is, perhaps, the irony of his life that his fame is inextricably associated with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia. To all his best qualities, his genius for the defensive, his tactical skill as a corps commander, his stubborn personal courage, the spirit he could instil into his men, his biographers give full marks. They show as clearly, and without rancor, his military defects, and the strain in him that produced the unfortunate memoirs.

With their view of Gettysburg I am not entirely in accord—nor would I lay such great stress upon the testimony of Scheibert as they appear to do. Certainly they make the best case for Longstreet that can be made—I happen not to agree with the case. But almost everyone reads Gettysburg in his own way. I think also that a little too much is made of the Svengali influence of Longstreet's strong will—suspecting, as I do, that Lee worked with such tools as he had and that no other man would have got quite so much from those tools. And to put down Lee's strategic insight to "hereditary instinct" seems to me rather far-fetched. Surely, also, it is incorrect to state that, at West Point, Longstreet "was graduated little higher than his friend Ulysses S. Grant." According to the Record of Graduates, Longstreet was fifty-fourth in a class of fifty-six while Grant graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. And the rather breezy statement that "Successful soldiers are usually physical men, first and foremost, and both Longstreet and Grant were destined to surpass in rank and fame the other men of their class, the mental lights, the good boys, the pride of their parents," might give the reader a general impression which is not entirely warranted. After all, Lee stood second in his class, and McClellan, whom the authors call "that most scientific of American soldiers," stood second in his. Sherman ranked sixth in his class and Jackson seventeenth in a class of fifty-nine—by no means bad standings.

The final characterization of Longstreet "In His Habit As He Lived," though brief, is an excellent one and should give the reader a very good idea of the essential points of his character. On the military side, Longstreet's campaigns are treated with great care and thoroughness and there are excellent maps. The book should appeal to all students of the Civil War—and even those of us who do not agree with the authors upon every point of their thesis, owe them a vote of thanks for producing so conscientious, readable, and thorough a biography of a controversial and largely neglected figure.

Stephen Vincent Benét made extensive studies in Civil War history before writing "John Brown's Body."

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You Can't Win

MODERN MAN, His Belief and Behavior. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

SHORTLY after the war, James Harvey Robinson wrote a little book on human nature and human destiny which he called "The Mind In the Making." Since then there has been a series of such books by amateurs of philosophy expressing much the same mood and the same faith. The last in this series which has come my way is "Modern Man, His Belief and Behavior." Mr. Harvey Fergusson, the author, is described as a novelist. Concerning his merits in that calling I have no judgment, not having had the luck to read any of his stories. But I am highly intrigued by his quality of psychologist and philosopher manifest in the tangencies and incidentals of his argument. The argument itself is no news. If I understand Mr. Fergusson correctly, "Modern Man" is the formulation of a personal faith born of his need "to understand himself and the world in which he lives." Mr. Fergusson takes notice that our times and thought are marked by much conflict and anxiety, and is disturbed. "Modern man," he says, and argues that this distinguishes modern man from man of other ages, "is a wilderness of contention and contradiction." He is this because he lives and labors in what Graham Wallas called the great society with the habits and prejudices of the small town. Intellectually, his troubles are due to his clinging to "the illusion of choice." Mr. Fergusson says that choice is an illusion because people hardly ever carry out their intentions but always explain this failure in such a way as to keep that illusion intact.

I'm not sure that I get what Mr. Fergusson means by "choice." Normally, one means a selection among alternatives. As Mr. Fergusson uses the word, it seems to mean what other people call achievement. The illusion he deplores is not one of choice at all but of execution and achievement. A choice has been accomplished whenever one of a number of alternatives has been selected. But following up the selection logically and practically is another matter. We are not consistent, both because it is our nature not to be and because the world won't let us be. So we don't stick to any one choice for any great length of time. Mr. Fergusson thinks that we thereby cause ourselves a great deal of hardship, get guilty feelings, suffer remorse, believe in rewards and punishments. He thinks that all that is foolish. He argues that modern man could better his own state if he let himself live, if he "integrated" his conflicting emotions and activities and turned the solicitations and obstructions presented by the people and things around him into materials of his own "autonomy." Mr. Fergusson's word for this integration is "balance," and he identifies its growth with the constant widening of the span of personal consciousness. I take it he means by this a unified response to a varied and variable environment.

> The tragedy of modern man is less the tragedy of death than of frustration. His hope is that logic and inquiry will dissolve the bonds that bind him to his primitive and religious past. His faith can rest only in the widening light of his own awareness, and the only transcendent whole that can contain his spirit is the unified whole of conscious human being.

As faiths go, this isn't a bad one. That it commends, in a somewhat personal idiom, a design for living which many have repeatedly advised during the half century past, may be a contradiction of Mr. Fergusson's premise that modern man is spiritually more troubled than his forbears. It may be a testimony that there is forming, freely, without indoctrination and without coercion, a modern consensus of faith and hope whose actual unity and cohesion contrast it favorably with any and all of its predecessors.

H. M. Kallen is professor of philosophy in the New School for Social Research.

Musical Hero-Worship

THE MAN WITH THE BATON. The Story of Conductors and Their Orchestras. By David Ewen with an introduction by Serge Koussevitzsky. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1936. $3.50.

TOSCANINI. By Paul Stefan with a foreword by Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.25.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

THE plight of the New York Philharmonic orchestra which figures so prominently in the press can only be fully understood if we read the books devoted to conductors and conducting. It is strange, indeed, how an otherwise intelligent musical public can be completely misled by an adulation that is founded on purely external hocus-pocus. Conducting a performance and rehearsing are two different things. The really important mission of a conductor consists in the preparation of the performance, and when he puts on his evening garb he merely sees that his previous efforts are carried out faithfully. Whether he has a baton, a score, a violin bow, or a flashlight (like Mr. Rapée), is relatively unimportant. Yet the public and some gentlemen of the press still judge the conductor by his gestures and stage manners. The two books reviewed herein contribute generously to this belief. Mr. Ewen's men have not got much more than their baton. A confused first chapter tells us the story of the symphony

TOSCANINI: *from S. J. Woolf's "Drawn from Life" (Whittlesey).*

orchestra and we are told that the *A* clarinet is the most usually employed in the orchestra, that the French horns have the highest voice among the brasses, and that Beethoven introduced such unusual instruments as the piccolo, contra bassoon, and the mighty trombone. The rest of the book is made up of random clippings and biographical excerpts from current lexica. The evident aim of the author is achieved, and we are convinced more than ever that it is the conductor's little finger, his eyebrows, his warped boiled shirt, and possibly the sacred baton that do the trick.

Paul Stefan's "Toscanini" is not such a bad book but it does not do justice to the great conductor. It is an amorous panegyric couched in an old-fashioned style bristling with adjectives and superlatives. In the year of grace of 1936 it is painful to read sentences such as

> He is (how can it be otherwise?) in every respect an unusual being . . . his mind, manifestly as a rule overcast by the stresses imposed by his genius . . ., etc.

The publishers, well aware of our political idiosyncrasies, saw to it that no one should impute fascist leanings to America's distinguished guest and inserted an appropriate footnote on page 76. On page 103 we actually see a sentence in Greek, prompted, as it were, by mortal fear. The author attended a rehearsal and was seated in the orchestra in the company of other critics. Suddenly he was seized by panic (here comes the Homeric sentence) and while "the other critics stayed to watch, I had to leave the orchestra. The shock, the danger of proximity, was too great." Fortunately the American public has a much higher regard for the eminent musician than to take such a sentimental chronicle for a just biography of Toscanini. It is doubtful whether the occasional compliments paid to the New York Philharmonic orchestra will make the book particularly acceptable to the reading public of this country.

Paul H. Lang is associate professor of music at Columbia University.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

In Tu Fu's Time

Tu Fu (712-770) a Chinese Poet.
"He strolled along the roads and sat in taverns drinking the precious Thunder Tea. If it was warm they had Snow Bubble Wine with flowers floating upon it."
—Mary A. Nourse, in *The Four Million: A Short History Of the Chinese.*

IN Tu Fu's time, a bard was free
To preface Fancy with a spree;
Each one, before he wooed the Muse,
Pondered his choice of China's brews:
Snow Bubble Wine or Thunder Tea!

One can excuse hyperbole
In poets primed on Bubble glee!
Which, tea or wine? They let them choose,
In Tu Fu's time.

Could poet ever feel ennui
Who'd been a Thunder debauchee?
Could ought but rosy-colored views
Be nurtured on Snow Bubble juice?
By grand-sires' beards, such could not be!—
In Tu Fu's time.

KENNETH A. FOWLER.

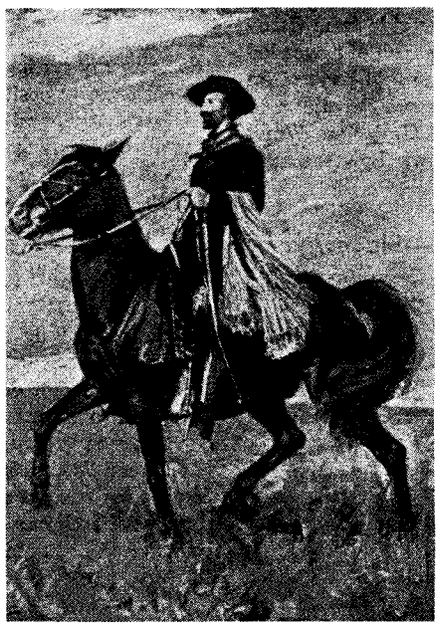
"Scottish Hidalgo"

This Review's brief mention of the death of Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham was scarcely adequate; and even Don Roberto himself—a specialist in the matter of insult—would have winced at being called "English." In the line of strict legitimacy he was a claimant to the throne of Scotland, and was known to Andrew Lang and other antiquaries as "the uncrowned king."

His sharpened feeling for all sombre and sardonic moods came to its finest utterance in writing of deaths and funerals; many will remember his noble description of Joseph Conrad's burial; or his little essay "With the North-West Wind" (in the book *The Ipané*) which tells how the body of William Morris was taken from London to Lechlade. And there are many other mortuary sketches among his writings; travellers by rail from London to Glasgow remember "Beattock for Moffat," about the dying Scot fighting to keep alive until the train reaches his home junction. And so I can't help hoping that someone will write for us the fitting words about this Scottish hidalgo's own last journey. His body was to sail from Buenos Aires back to England in the *Almeda Star,* and the London papers should soon give us word of his arrival.

The London *Times,* in one of its superb obits (why are our own papers so comparatively crass and meagre in their obituaries?) said interesting things about Cunninghame Graham. The *Times* called him "the most picturesque Scot of his time." He was also, as everyone knows, partly Spanish. In his savage little essay on *Success* (1902) he praised Spain above all other modern European nations as having been unspoiled and vulgarized by achievement, "content in philosophic guise to fail in all she does, and thus preserve the individual independence of her sons." Perhaps in this year of the Lone Star's century some Texas readers may like to look up his sketches of life along the Mexican border in the 80's. Does the little town of Encinal (near Laredo) know that he wrote a story about it? I often wondered if Don Roberto ever read any of O. Henry's Texas tales.

He was one of the earliest Socialists to sit in the House of Commons and was said to be the first M. P. suspended for saying "damn" in debate. His enthusiasm for South America dated from childhood (he left Harrow at 16 and went to the Argentine). He travelled through Morocco disguised as a Sheikh; he was represented as Don Quixote by Lavery in a famous painting; was caricatured by Bernard Shaw in *Arms and the Man* and in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.* Next after horsemanship and the South American pampas his chief enthusiasms were Irish and Scottish Home Rule, and writing prefaces sneering at the stupidity of the reading public. The reading public, for the most part, remained blissfully unaware of his gibes. Nothing was more characteristic than the preface to *The Ipané* (1899) where he says:—



DON ROBERTO

"Books have been written for many purposes, moral, religious, lewd, improving, ethical, and to make people stare; but many think, even today, that men write books to please a mysterious entity known as the public. . . . Nothing more false. For the most part all books are written for vanity, for hope of gain, and now and then to please the writer.

"Thank Heaven I wrote that which is here collected to please no single being, and I have succeeded well."

The *Times's* obit, with solid English candor, remarks that "his economics were sarcastic rather than statistical, and though he had a great fund of ridicule, he cannot be said to have possessed real humour or charm . . . but he was exuberantly unique."

Among his fits of peevishness, Don Roberto vented himself upon Oxford; because, when the train bearing William Morris's body paused there, there were "no undergraduates to throng the station, silently standing to watch the poet's funeral. True it was Long Vacation; but had the body of some Buluwayo Burglar happened to pass, they all had been there. [A crack, obviously, at Cecil Rhodes.] The ancient seat of pedantry, where they manufacture prigs as fast as butchers in Chicago handle hogs, was all unmoved.

"Sleeping the sleep of the self-satisfied were dons and masters and the crew of those who, if they chance once in a century to have a man of genius amongst them, are all ashamed of him.

"Sleeping but stertorous, the city lay girt in its throng of jerry buildings, quite out of touch with all mankind, keeping its sympathy for piffling commentators on Menander."

This amused me (people are always good reading when they're sore about something). And it happened that the next thing I came upon, among a pile of papers, was a handsome bit of free advertising for the Oxford Press. It was reproduced in MS facsimile in a recent auction catalogue of the Rains Galleries (New York) and came from the hand of a young Cambridge man. Apparently it was written as a review of Donne's Poetical Works, edited by Grierson and published at the Clarendon Press. It began thus:—

> Praise is the prerogative of the good. And those who are wise as well as good spend all their waking hours, it is well-known, in laudation. In general they

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praise beauty, the sun, colour, virtue and the rest of the doxology; in the intervals more particular things, Charing Cross bridge by night, the dancing of Miss Ethel Levey, the Lucretian hexameter, the beer at an inn in Royston I will not advertise, the sausages at another inn above Princes' Risboro, and the Clarendon Press editions of the English poets. But the beer and the sausages will change, and Miss Levey one day will die, and Charing Cross bridge will fall, so the Clarendon Press books will be the only thing our evil generation may show to the cursory eyes of posterity, to prove it was not wholly bad. They are lovely things, these books; beautiful in arrangement, size and type; filled with good stuff to read; and prepared with the exact amount of scholarship that shall escape pedantry and yet rise far above. . . .

You may suppose that I, or any other lover of the Clarendon Press, was sorry to break off there. But that was as far as the facsimile went. You might know the author by the allusion to the beer at Royston; which is, in point of fact, exactly the same as in other pubs of the region; but Royston is (*crede experto*) just a far enough bicycle ride from Cambridge to add the enthusiasm of rewarded thirst. The piece was the first page of an essay on Donne by Rupert Brooke, sold recently at the Rains Galleries. Won't the purchaser let us know how the sentence ended?

Keats—Kotzebue—Lindbergh

SIR:—Having been a spectator on the edge of your Bowling Green many a day, I venture to engage in a game with the following sequence of bowls:—

Last May, my reading of the "Autobiography of John Keats" (E. V. Weller) was interrupted by my having to fly to Alaska for the purpose of studying the epidemic of Influenza among the Eskimos. At Kotzebue, a village on Kotzebue Sound above the Arctic Circle, Dr. D. Sergeant Pepper and I found the material we sought. We flew back with it, landing at Newark two weeks after we left that busy airport. Life resumed its routine and I took up Keats where I had left off. On page 243, I came upon this: "Kotzebue, the German dramatist and traitor to his country, was murdered lately by a young student whose name I forget—he stabbed himself immediately after crying out 'Germany! Germany!'" Then again, this time on page 293: "As I passed Colnaghi's window I saw a profile portrait of Sandt, the destroyer of Kotzebue. His very look must interest every one in his favour. I suppose they have represented him in his college dress. He seems to me like a young Abelard—fine mouth, cheek bones (and this is no joke) full of sentiment, a fine, unvulgar nose, and plump temples."

Consultation with the Enc. Brit. revealed that Keats's Kotzebue was August Friedrich Ferdinand von (1761-1819), and Alaska's Kotzebue was Otto von (1787-1846), second son of the foregoing, navigator. He it was who sailed into Kotzebue Sound believing he had found the Northeast Passage back to the Atlantic. How do we know this? Mr. Alfred W. Paine, seller of nautical books, sent me his catalogue not so long ago. In it I found listed "Voyage of Discovery in the South Sea, and to Behring's Straits, in Search of a North-east Passage; Undertaken in the Years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, In the Ship Rurick," by Otto von Kotzebue. London: 1821.

As soon as Mr. Paine found my check to be good, I had this book in my possession, complete with charts and satisfying drawings. On August 1st, 1816, "we observed that the coast took a direction to the east, the land continuing to be low. At eleven o'clock we were at the entrance of a large inlet; we lost the coast we had hitherto pursued; and whilst in E. and N. we saw a lofty ridge of hills. Here the wind suddenly declined, and we were obliged to come to anchor upon a clayey ground, in a depth of seven fathoms; the nearest land from us lay in S.E., at a distance of four miles, the current running strongly towards the entrance. I cannot describe my feelings, when I thought that I might be opposite the long-sought-for N. E. passage, and that fate had destined me to be its discoverer."

One hundred and ten years later, a Lockheed Sirius, which I had watched take off from our Thoroughfare at North Haven, was speeding high over this "clayey ground," vainly signalling "WXB—WXB—WXB." Anne Morrow Lindbergh was calling back to Barrow, ahead to Nome or to Kotzebue, wanting to know what time it got dark at Nome, not able to get an answer.

And, nearly four years later, our big Lockheed Electra roared in for a landing on the ice in front of the village of Kotzebue, at the climax of a flight for science which had been aided by the pilot of that Sirius.

HORACE PETTIT.

Haverford, Pa.

Classical Department

A generous correspondent sent me a copy of E. V. Lucas's selection of Cowper's Letters (in the World's Classics series). There I find:—

"What a dignity there is in the Roman language! and what an idea it gives us of the good sense and masculine mind of the people that spoke it!" (Cowper, April 27, 1782.)

This reminds me that at Hobart College (Geneva, N. Y.) some weeks ago I saw a tablet in memory of Francis Philip Nash, who was professor of Latin there 1871-1908. On it was this motto: QUANTO MINUS EST CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI QUAM TUI MEMINISSE (in paraphrase: "the memory of thee is better than converse with the living"). I was curious to know the provenance of the quotation, but did not learn it. Does any classicist recognize it?

Genius Is Not Enough

(*Continued from page 4*)

embodied emotion. Such emotion is certainly the material that fiction works with, but until it is embodied in character and scene it is not fiction—it is only logorrhea. A poem should not mean but be, Mr. MacLeish tells us, and poetry is always proving that fundamental. In a homelier aphorism Mr. Cohan has expressed the same imperative of the drama: "Don't tell 'em, show 'em." In the art of fiction the *thing* is not only an imperative, it is a primary condition. A novel *is*—it cannot be asserted, ranted, or even detonated. A novelist represents life. When he does anything else, no matter how beautiful or furious or ecstatic the way in which he does it, he is not writing fiction. Mr. Wolfe can write fiction—has written some of the finest fiction of our day. But a great part of what he writes is not fiction at all: it is only material with which the novelist has struggled but which has defeated him. The most important question in American fiction today, probably, is whether he can win that encounter in his next book. It may be that "The October Fair" and "The Hills Beyond Pentland" will show him winning it, but one remembers the dilution from "Look Homeward, Angel" to "Of Time and the River" and is apprehensive. If he does win it, he must do so inside himself; Mr. Perkins and the assembly line at Scribners' can do nothing to help him.

That struggle has another aspect. A novelist utilizes the mechanism of fantasy for the creation of a novel, and there are three kinds of fantasy with which he works. One of them is unconscious fantasy, about which Dr. Kubie was writing in these columns something over a year ago. A novelist is wholly subject to its emphases and can do nothing whatever about them—though when Mr. Wolfe says that the center of all living is reconciliation with one's father he comes close to revealing its pattern in him. There remain two kinds of fantasy which every novelist employs—but which every one employs in a different ratio. Call them identification and projection, call them automatic and directed, call them proliferating and objectified—the names do not matter. The novelist surrenders himself to the first kind, but dominates and directs the second kind. In the first kind he says "I am Napoleon" and examines himself to see how he feels. In the second kind, he wonders how Napoleon feels, and instead of identifying himself with him, he tries to discover Napoleon's necessities. If he is excessively endowed with the first kind of fantasy, he is likely to be a genius. But if he learns to utilize the second kind in the manifold inter-relationships of a novel he is certain to be an artist. Whatever Mr. Wolfe's future in the wider and looser interest of Literature, his future

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in the far more rigorous interest of fiction just about comes down to the question of whether he can increase his facility at the second kind of fantasy. People would stop idiotically calling him autobiographical, if he gave us less identification and more understanding. And we could do with a lot less genius, if we got a *little more* artist.

For the truth is that Mr. Wolfe is presented to us, and to himself, as a genius. There is no more dissent from that judgment in his thinking about himself than in Scribners' publicity. And, what is more, a genius of the good old-fashioned, romantic kind—possessed by a demon, driven by the gales of his own fury, helpless before the lava-flood of his own passion, selected and set apart for greatness, his lips touched by a live coal, consequently unable to exercise any control over what he does and in fact likely to be damaged or diminished by any effort at control. Chaos is everything, if you have enough of it in you to make a world. Yes, but what if you don't make a world —what if you just make a noise? There was chaos in Stephen Dedalus's soul, but he thought of that soul not as sufficient in itself but merely as a smithy wherein he might forge his novel. And listen to Mr. Thomas Mann:

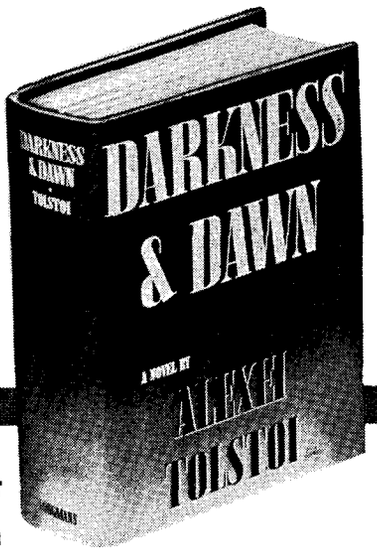
> When I think of the masterpiece of the twentieth century, I have an idea of something that differs essentially and, in my opinion, with profit from the Wagnerian masterpiece—something exceptionally logical, clear, and well developed in form, something at once austere and serene, with no less intensity of will than his, but of cooler, nobler, even healthier spirituality, something that seeks its greatness not in the colossal, the baroque, and its beauty not in intoxication.

Something, in other words, with inescapable form, something which exists as the imposition of order on chaos, something that *is*, not is merely asserted.

One can only respect Mr. Wolfe for his determination to realize himself on the highest level and to be satisfied with nothing short of greatness. But, however useful genius may be in the writing of novels, it is not enough in itself—it never has been enough, in any art, and it never will be. At the very least it must be supported by an ability to impart shape to material, simple competence in the use of tools. Until Mr. Wolfe develops more craftsmanship, he will not be the important novelist he is now widely accepted as being. In order to be a great novelist he must also mature his emotions till he can see more profoundly into character than he now does, and he must learn to put a corset on his prose. Once more: his own smithy is the only possible place for these developments—they cannot occur in the office of any editor whom he will ever know.

Bernard DeVoto, of the Harvard English Department, is the author of "Mark Twain's America" and other books of criticism, history, and fiction.

Critics compare this powerful novel to "War and Peace," "Europa," "All Quiet," "Three Cities," "Sergeant Grischa"



From coast-to-coast reviewers affirm the enduring greatness of this book by

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"This new master of the Russian novel knows his profession. DARKNESS AND DAWN requires comparison with *Europa, All Quiet, Sergeant Grischa* and *Three Cities* to give an adequate picture of its power."
—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Alexei Tolstoi writes with conscious art. There is a realism in his description of intellectual circles that makes *Europa* comparatively halting and artificial. The great literary tradition continues."
—*N. Y. Times.*

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—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"One of the best novels to come out of the land of the Soviets. It will stand with Sholokov's *And Quiet Flows the Don.* Spacious, moving, very much in the tradition of the older Tolstoi."
—*The New Yorker.*

"Any reader will be impressed by and will remember this book."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

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"A vivid and unforgettable book."
—*Cleveland News.*

"Holds the reader's attention to the last page."
—*Chattanooga Times.*

"A vital story, the most impartial and most graphic that has yet appeared in modern Russian fiction."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"It has many magnificent scenes of sheer physical excitement. One of the really great books of our day." —*St. Paul Dispatch.*

"In its crowded pages resound the surge and thunder of the great Russian tradition."
—*Buffalo Times.*

"Vivid . . . graphic . . . powerful." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Its grandeur and the innumerable stirring scenes make this novel hard to put down, or, forget." —*Scribners.*

Darkness and DAWN

At All Bookstores
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LONGMANS

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Edited by PERCIVAL WILDE

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PAUL GREEN'S

Hymn to the Rising Sun

This is a chain-gang play, openly propagandist. The author would like to have it read, or witnessed, by Southern legislators. It is, however, too artistically conceived to preach a moral. The language is remarkable. The whole play is the truth — struck out with a nine-pound hammer.

After witnessing the première of "Hymn to the Rising Sun", Robert Garland wrote of it: "It lingers like a nightmare in the mind. An unsparing flashlight of a Southern chain gang, it is a terrifying picture. A hand-picked audience received the offering with revolutionary rapture. Nor could you blame it!"

Although many professors will welcome this book for class use it is designed primarily for the adult reading public. The plays are wholly unexpurgated, for it is the Editor's conviction that a play which has literary distinction has the right to be placed in the hands of the mature reader without first undergoing a process of emasculation.

$2.75

Little, Brown & Company, Boston

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS "Nest" really should be written from Phoenix, Arizona, I suppose—to be true to its departmental title; but, as a matter of fact, it is being written in Dallas, Texas. That very good poet, Edward Doro, is presumably holding down Phœnix, for I had a letter from him from that place toward the end of March, which reached me on tour. He says he'll be back in New York in May—but I'll probably be back myself by the time you are reading this.

You see, I've been on a lecturing—or, rather, a talking and reading trip—beginning with Minneapolis and to end with William Allen White's old home town, Emporia, Kansas. I've done nine engagements now and have four more to go. Of books of poems for "home work," I've had along *Siegfried Sassoon's* "Vigils," *Archibald MacLeish's* "Public Speech," *James Daly's* "One Season Shattered," and *Jean Starr Untermeyer's* "Wingèd Child." I'll report on them next time.

Meanwhile, a little agenda. What *Edward Doro* wrote me about was his receiving a Guggenheim fellowship, for which I am very glad. And I was glad to see by the newspapers that the two young radical *Kenneths—Fearing* and *Patchen*—had also received like awards. They are young poets worth encouraging.

About March 20th, *Town & Country* (The Stuyvesant Company, 572 Madison Avenue, New York) requested me, through its managing editor, *J. Bryan, III,* to inform favored contributors to the *Saturday Review* that it was at present on the lookout for short verse. The standard is going to be high, so not everybody can crash the gate.

I wish to say to *Lefa Morse Eddy* that I'll read her latest book of poems in her trilogy, entitled "Sarah," when I get back, and also read the copy of the *Lantern* she says she has sent me, containing her "Eve." I wish to thank *Celya Cendow* for sending to me, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, her little book on life, love, and politics, "Off the Record." For the matter of that I wish to thank Tulsa, Oklahoma, for being so Oklahoman, for giving me a fine Spring morning one Saturday, and for having such an attractive bookstore. More than that I wish to thank it for one of the pleasantest Friday evenings I have known—with a charming hostess, an eminent architect and his most intelligent wife, and a golf-player also of eminence. I had forgot all about *Washington Irving's* "Captain Bonneville," till I was shown the shaft to him in Tulsa, with quotations on it from "A Tour on the Prairies," and I had not realized that the city hardly antedates the time of the Renaissance in American poetry back in 1913. It seems to me a most engaging city now—all that marred my brief Oklahoman stay was missing seeing my old friend-by-correspondence, *Welborn Hope,* the very good poet who lives at Ada. My first sight of the oil-derricks outside Oklahoma City was a thrill. The plenitude of fresh air and blue sky of that part of the West was intoxicating.

If this seems to slight what had gone before, I certainly do not mean it so. In Minneapolis, in St. Louis, in Evanston, in Des Moines, the ladies of the Women's Clubs (it was the Contemporary Club in St. Louis—both women and men) were extremely kind and agreeable—and in Winona (Minnesota), Fayetteville (Arkansas), and Denton (Texas), the institutions of learning accorded me treatment that would have been merited only by a far more eminent figure. In fact—to put it briefly—I've had a "swell" time all along the line.

Of course I saw the adventurous Sage of the Ozarks, *Charles J. Finger,* in Fayetteville, and passed some delightful hours at Gayeta Lodge. His youngest daughter is an unusually talented artist. She is one of his five children. She explained to me that of course there had *had* to be five! He is a man of such wealth of experience and so independent a point of view that an hour of talk with him is exhilarating.

I wish I could thank here by name all those who made so salubrious my visit to various cities. I must forego that pleasure. In Chicago, by great good luck, I crossed the hawse of old Quercus, that sea-going oaktree, and discovered—to my pleasant surprise—that I had not forgotten how to step a stately minuet, after certain cups had been clinked to absent—and present—friends.

My most recent experience, in Denton, still delights me. The honors go to a small cat who entered the auditorium sedately, passed along the front row, ascended to the stage, entered from the wings, took a bow, moved down to get a closer view of me, descended from the stage, and made a graceful and dignified exit, after having "stolen the show." In her honor I then read a small poem dedicated to Bast, the cat-headed goddess of Egypt. I shall long cherish the memory of that Texan kitten!

At this point the Baker Hotel has got me to sign their guest-book. I was overcome to note that the latest signature just written in it was that of *Nazimova.* She is here, of course, in Dallas, with her company in "Ghosts." I shall never forget the performance last Christmas night in New York!

P. S. Since writing the above I have finished my tour with Wascahachie, Texas; Fort Worth; and Emporia, Kansas. Most pleasant are my memories of all those places. I saw some fine horse-racing at Arlington Downs and was most kindly entertained by Mrs. William Allen White in Emporia—to say nothing of the hospitality of Miss Elizabeth Miller and her brother in Fort Worth, and other kind friends. In Emporia I saw Brock Pemberton welcomed royally by his home town and witnessed a very good performance of "Personal Appearance." Now no more for today!

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The European and Africa

THE RAPE OF AFRICA. By Lamar Middleton. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

MR. MIDDLETON has here written a most entertaining story of the "back stage" diplomacy which resulted in the division of Africa into modern European colonies. Unfortunately, his book is so entertaining that it ceases to be history and since he writes with a definite bias, it cannot be considered an impartial presentation. Furthermore, it contains numerous errors of fact as well as errors in name.

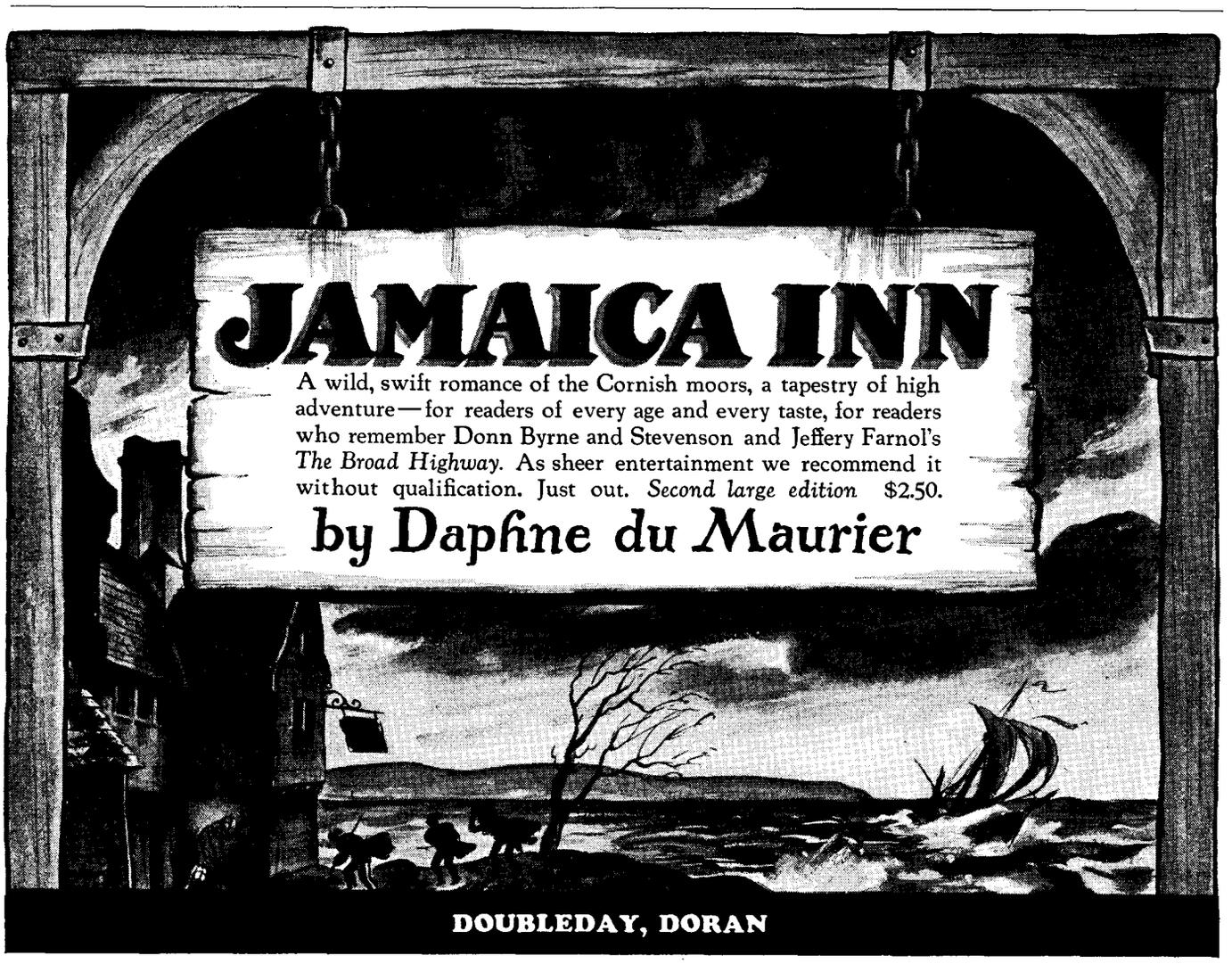
We read of the late King Leopold's sly hypocrisy regarding the Congo Free State, the conspiracies of English "Empire Builders," and the colossal comedy of the Congress at Berlin in 1885 and later the Brussels Conference of 1890—conferences at which European diplomats traded African territories in the manner of a schoolboy bartering for his postage stamp collection. We see England, France, Germany, Portugal, Belgium, and Italy squabbling over prostrate Africa. Henry M. Stanley appears as a fool and dupe of crowned heads. Cecil Rhodes becomes a grasping imperialist and Dr. Jamison his tool. The explorer De Brazza who secured the French Congo for the tricolor appears as a mere claim-staker. As we read through the list of explorers and colonizers we conclude that the story of the partition of Africa is a terrible indictment of the white races; a story of plunder, enslavement, and slaughter.

One might have considerable sympathy with this viewpoint if it were entirely true. Unfortunately Mr. Middleton has chosen to present only one side of the story, and no student of African affairs can accept his thesis without modifications, even though recognizing that evils existed in the past and still exist today. Not every move made by Europeans in Africa was wrong or unethical. After all there were, and still are, many Robert Moffets, David Livingstones, George Grenfells, and François Coillards, men who devoted their lives to the physical and mental betterment of their Negro charges.

Prior to the arrival of the European, Africa festered in the backwash of time and civilization. Unlike the islands of the South Seas, it was never an earthly paradise where man lived in harmony with his surroundings and at peace with his neighbors. Slave raiding, intertribal warfare, disease, famine, and all the horrors of black superstition, including ordeal by fire and poison, infanticide and murder by witch-doctors, were everyday features of African life. These evils would still sweep the continent were it not for the check placed upon the native by European colonial administrations, missionaries, and medical men.

Granted that mistakes were made, that some missionaries were tactless and ignorant, granted that native rulers were seduced by rum and trinkets, granted that in far too many cases natives were shot down with Maxim guns and finally —greatest crime of all—African levies were used to fight Europe's battles of 1914-1918; in spite of all this the native today is infinitely more secure and enjoys far more liberty than he did prior to the arrival of the white man. It is perfectly true that the native working in the mines of Northern Rhodesia may receive in pay only about sixteen shillings per month, but Mr. Middleton forgets that prior to 1900 this same native would be working as a slave to King Lewanika for eight months of the year.

"The Rape of Africa" reflects disillusionment following the aftermath of World War and Mr. Middleton, being a newspaper man, appears very cynical as regards all motives underlying the partition of Africa. However a half century ago many Europeans and Americans were convinced that they had much to offer "Darkest Africa" and even today this spirit has not entirely died.


JAMAICA INN
A wild, swift romance of the Cornish moors, a tapestry of high adventure—for readers of every age and every taste, for readers who remember Donn Byrne and Stevenson and Jeffery Farnol's *The Broad Highway*. As sheer entertainment we recommend it without qualification. Just out. *Second large edition* $2.50.
by Daphne du Maurier
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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The New Books

Fiction

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE. By Radclyffe Hall. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.50.

This novel is dedicated to the proposition that for a woman to have had two or more children by different fathers and without benefit of clergy is a clear indication of courage, generosity, and other primitive virtues. One need not quarrel with the proposition, which is frequently true in life, but one encounters it in a novel with a certain lack of anxiety as to what the story may reveal as it unfolds. It has been set forth so often already that the courage, the generosity, and the other primitive virtues have had a good deal of their bloom rubbed off; and one cannot altogether acquit the author of lack of invention.

Miss Hall's Hannah Bullen, besides possessing the qualification of two illegitimate children, is made to live in squalid surroundings, and to support without complaint a group of shiftless relations. She has a lover called Mike, a bull-like man with a taste for trysting in haylofts, who does not satisfy her spiritually; and when it becomes apparent that she must shortly present the world with yet another irregular child—is it Mike's or could it be the fruit of a pitying affair with a tubercular youth in the hop fields?—her problem is settled with a good deal of formality. She rescues some children from a fire, an ending with which fiction fans and movie fans are alike not unfamiliar. In the movies the heroines escape, in fiction they burn. Hannah burns to death.

Miss Hall, it can be seen, has not left herself much scope for originality, but within her extremely limited area she creates with fidelity and care. Hannah is credible; she is also—a more difficult achievement—nice. The inhabitants of her poor little Kentish street, though their dialect is literary and their less pleasing habits are recounted with a somewhat amateur gusto, are diverse and lively. The novel is not heroic and it is certainly not surprising: but it *is* readable.

G. D.

JAMAICA INN. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.50.

Possibly this novel of adventure in the Cornwall of 1810 will disappoint the admirers of "Gerald: A Portrait." This is a different sort of thing entirely, a full-bodied romance of lonely moors, an inn of evil repute, a drunken, gigantic innkeeper, mysterious wagons in the night, smugglers, wreckers, a horse thief and an albino vicar, murder, mystery, storm, and a heroine of considerable rugged charm. Rugged because Mary Yellan takes a more than ordinary amount of punishment before the tale is finished. In spite of the conventionality of the ingredients, the author has concocted an exciting brew, reminiscent of Stevenson and some of Masefield, and just the thing for late-evening reading. If it adds nothing to the author's reputation, it does provide first-rate entertainment of its *genre*.

W. M. S. III.

Miscellaneous

A PICKWICK PORTRAIT GALLERY. From the Pens of Divers Admirers of the Illustrious Members of the Pickwick Club, their Friends and Enemies. Scribner's. 1936. $3.

A HANDBOOK TO PICKWICK PAPERS. By Logan Clendening. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

In these days of all-consuming progress, it is a pleasure to see a book whose sole object is to remind us of the enduring charm of a literary masterpiece that belongs emphatically to the sadly discredited nineteenth century. The reminder gains additional point from the circumstance that the English publishers of "A Pickwick Portrait Gallery" (Chapman & Hall) are the same firm that first presented "Pickwick" to the world and that have continued to be its leading publishers ever since.

The "Portrait Gallery" consists, in its letter-press, of sixteen contributions, each being a study of one or more of the "Pickwick" figures; and it is illustrated from the original plates by Seymour and "Phiz." The whole makes a volume very pleasing to the eye, and sufficiently appealing to the mind and heart. That it has very distinguished merit can hardly be said. Indeed, it labors under a fundamen-

"A Russian *Growth of the Soil*"

says the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS of Paul Nizovoy's novel, THE OCEAN

MAURICE HINDUS, author of *Humanity Uprooted*, writes:

"THE OCEAN is one of the few really distinguished novels that have come out of Soviet Russia. It is a moving and triumphant story of man's struggle with nature on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and belongs to the same genre as *My Antonia* and *Giants in the Earth.* Here is an honest, stirring, straightforward story of a man and his wife and their children wresting a living from one of the most abandoned and most severe corners of the earth. There is pathos here and conflict and heroism and tenderness and a lust for life that make it one of the most exciting and most epochal novels I have read."

The OCEAN

By PAUL NIZOVOY

$2.50 At All Bookstores HARPER & BROTHERS

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tal difficulty: each of the papers undertakes to explain or analyze the peculiarities which give to one or more of the "Pickwick" characters their amazing hold on our interest or affection; but if a man is a genuine lover of "Pickwick" the clarification is superfluous, and if not, no amount of exposition will avail to bring its merits home to him.

The portrait of Mr. Pickwick himself is by Alfred Noyes, and one of the first things he tells us is that, before the story had come to Christmas at Dingley Dell, Mr. Pickwick "had become just as much a real person, and in fact just as much a public character, as Mr. Gladstone." What an astonishing achievement this was, Mr. Noyes makes us fully appreciate.

Each of the principal figures—Winkle, Snodgrass, Sam Weller, Tony Weller, Jingle, and the rest—gets due attention at the hands of the other contributors; and all of it is good stuff, with no pretension to superfine criticism and with a hearty feeling for the deep humanity, as well as the humor, of "Pickwick."

Dr. Clendening's "Handbook" deals with the Pickwick Papers in a less systematic way. It entirely eschews analysis, explanation, and criticism, and is far more delightful reading than the "Portrait Gallery." It is saturated with the delight which its author has been getting out of "Pickwick" from his early youth to the present day; and there can hardly be a lover of "Pickwick," old or young, who will not find his own delight renewed and strengthened as he reads. Moreover, it is so full of Dr. Clendening's lively and refreshing humor that it will not disappoint the expectations of the host of readers who have keenly enjoyed "The Human Body" and other writings of this gifted physician and *littérateur*. In dealing with the history of the writing, publication, and reception of "Pickwick," moreover, Dr. Clendening goes into every disputed question with the utmost care and minuteness; the chapter on this subject occupies thirty-seven of the 153 pages. The next chapter, entitled "The Topography of Pickwick Papers," takes up seventy-three pages. It carries the reader, in most delightful fashion, to all the towns and inns which live in our thoughts as the scene of Pickwickian adventures, and it is at the same time a charming and amusing narrative of Dr. and Mrs. Clendening's pilgrimage to them. But, indeed, small as the book is, its attractions are so various that they can hardly be indicated in a short notice.

F. F.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 108)

CAMPBELL—"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
. . . . Sweet Hope! . . . .
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way.

by EDITH HAMILTON

Author of "The Greek Way" "The Roman Way"

The PROPHETS of ISRAEL

"A new book by that vivid and penetrating critic, Edith Hamilton, is of timely interest. Her new book is *The Prophets of Israel* and she presents them . . . as great poets who were concerned with vital things, with the great realities. Everything she writes is an aid to putting the great ancients, the Greeks, the Latins, and now the Hebrews, in a new setting, one which shows their kinship with the writers of all time, including the most extreme of the moderns." — MARY COLUM in *The Forum.*

"Her approach is fresh and keen. Miss Hamilton has seized the core of the prophets' thought. Her book carries an excitement that is communicated to the reader. One feels the intensity that once shook a narrow earth." —*N. Y. Times Book Review* $2.50

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Any work from the pen of Maurice Maeterlinck deserves a privileged place in the world of letters. Here he selects the remote water spider and the commonplace pigeon to portray a pattern of life that is at once arresting and astonishing in its scientific precision and extraordinary observation. In *Pigeons and Spiders* the reader will find an exquisite literary style, an amazing scientific record, and a profound philosophy of life. $1.75

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BY LOGAN CLENDENING

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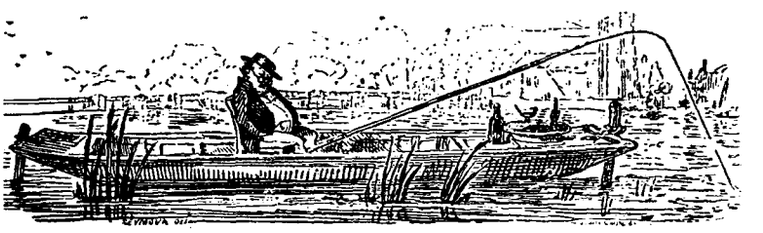

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Vernal Miscellany

FIRST-BORN.—In the spring a young man's fancy, etc., bookselling. Two Catalogues Number One have recently crossed this desk, and, responsive to time-tried ritual, the Compleat Collector is happy to present them to a palpitant clientèle. They issue from shops conducted by representatives of that alert school of young men in whom the future of the rare-booktrade and of book-collecting lies. The first catalogue of Collectors' Bookshop, 37 West 47th Street, New York, is devoted wholly to American first editions. A comprehensive credo in the guise of a foreword is signed by John S. Van E. Kohn and R. F. Roberts. "Sound bibliography," they assert, "will be a proper fetish, and a subject to which we hope to make contributions." Sample quotations from Collectors' Bookshop offerings: Willa Cather's "My Antonia," immaculate, dust jacket, $100; Sidney Lanier's "Poems" with contemporary presentation inscription, $175; Morley's "Parnassus" in dust jacket, $175; fine runs of Robinson and Mark Twain; plenty of entries at $5 and under. Much pertinent bibliographical comment; too much stress on conditional modifiers—"crisp," "bright," and "very" overworked. Long years since, F.P.A. invited instances of legitimate uses of "very" and approved only two: "Very Good Eddie" (a musical play of the period) and Very Reverend.

The same continued.—Michael Papantonio, long a Brick Rower, now established in premises of his own at 509 Madison Avenue, New York, offers in his Catalogue Number One a round hundred items from Alcott to Wordsworth, with Americans predominating. Included: Willa Cather's "April Twilights," the firstest first, not the reissue, $35 (undoubtedly no longer available); a unique "Gulliver," Boston, 1794, presumably second American edition (not in Rosenbach, who has the equally unique first American of 1787—Philadelphia), $100; Paul Hamilton Hayne's "Sonnets," presentation, $15; Sarah Pratt McLean's "Cape Cod Folks," presentation from her uncle, $25; Susan Warner's "The Wide, Wide World," $32.50. Both Mr. Papantonio and Mr. Kohn are initiating their ventures on the commendable theory that the high-spot is not the be-all and end-all of collecting. The result, in each instance, is an interesting and important catalogue, not a mere piece of parrotry.

Public document.—The Compleat Collector, having known Public Printer of the United States A. E. Giegengack when he was only Regimental Sergeant Major A. E. Giegengack, First Censor and Press Company, American Expeditionary Forces, began reading "Annual Report of the Public Printer 1935" as a private obligation, but remained to become enthralled. The Government Printing Office shelters a Cafeteria and Recreation Association—an employee organization, which owns and operates the Government Printing Office cafeteria (bowling alleys and cigar-stand included), receipts last year, $145,242.42 The cafeteria served 761,254 meals during 1935, bettering 1934 by 143,531. A trained dietitian manages the cafeteria, and a medical director inspects the food daily. Enterprises more germane to this department are covered by this quotation: "The Library Bindery Section continued to maintain its high reputation for the skilful repairing and restoration of rare and valuable manuscripts for the Library of Congress. During the year 1935, 60,138 pages of manuscript were repaired, and from these manuscripts 257 volumes were prepared for binding. . . . In addition the Library Bindery mounts and mats rare prints and photographs for exhibition purposes. Its year's work represented the binding and lettering of 35,623 volumes, the binding of 1,961 newspapers, the repairing of 4,837 volumes, and the cutting and drilling of 21,576,000 catalog cards."

Literate executives.—The inventory of George Washington's library which was made following his death listed 884 volumes. John Adams in 1822 gave all but a few of his books (2756 volumes) to the town of Quincy. Thomas Jefferson in 1783 owned 2540 volumes and before his death some 7000. Calvin Coolidge in 1929 shipped more than 4000 volumes from the White House to Northampton. These statistics are gleaned from "The Libraries of the Presidents of the United States," by A. S. W. Rosenbach, recently issued in pamphlet form by the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester—a fascinating brochure which, like so much of Dr. R.'s opera, whips the reader's acquisitive instincts to a froth. "It is possible to obtain volumes from the private libraries of all the Presidents," remarks the doctor, just like that.

Appealing incident.—Philip C. Duschnes, the only top-floor bookseller on Fifth Avenue, noted the Jerome Kern price comparisons presented in this department a month ago and is moved to append this footnote: Lot 40 in the Kern sale was the original drawing by Aubrey Beardsley of a chapter border for "Le Morte D'Arthur." It sold for $170. A year and a half later it reappeared in another auction room and brought $85. Early in 1933 it was again offered at public sale (and in still another auction room) and yielded the ghost at $8. Mr. Duschnes was the buyer. A few weeks later he listed it in a catalogue—at $15. Three thousand of the catalogues were distributed, but nobody showed the slightest interest in the Beardsley drawing. Then, when the catalogue was two or three months old, a man walked into the Duschnes shop, asked if the drawing were still available, and paid the required $15. He was Jerome Kern.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLOOD ON THE CURB *Joseph T. Shaw* (Dodge: $2.)	Bombings, kidnapings, killings by Mafia in N. Y. cleaned up by relentless Italo-American police lieut.	Although sleuth Cardani is a bit too omniscient the background is good and the thrills incessant.	*Ben trovato*
I'M AFRAID I'LL LIVE *K. S. Cole* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	American newsman at Paris party takes home apparently drunken *tycoon* who turns out to be a corpse.	Exposure of illicit trading ring takes place under bright lights and brighter dialogue.	Amusing
FAIR WARNING *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Downtrodden young wife accused of slaying sinister spouse, whose sister also dies before wife's true lover tags killer.	A *leetle* less supercharged chest heaving and emotional rampagin' around and this basically good tale would be swell.	Gooey but good
THE CLUE OF THE SILVER BRUSH *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Headless corpse in milk can identified and murderer traced by Scotland Yard man and clever amateur.	A baffling puzzle in deduction solved step by step—with some slight straining of the credibilities.	Intriggin'
THE GRAY MAN WALKS *Henry Bellamann* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders on remote S. Carolina estate solved by sheriff and acid spinster with supernatural trimmings.	Eerie atmosphere of yarn and copious, if irrelevant, local color effectively conceals rather ordinary plot.	Run-of-mill
THE DESERT LAKE MYSTERY *Kay Cleaver Strahan* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Grisly secret of western body of water entirely surrounded by corpses solved by sheriff and Lynn Macdonald.	Once you get the Oakman family relationships straightened out it's easy to pick the —or *any*—murderer.	Mystifying

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THIS week's most interesting literary announcement was the Book-of-the-Month Club's tenth anniversary surprise. The Club plans to award, annually, four Fellowships, of the value of $2500 each, to authors of talent whose books have received inadequate public recognition and sale. ☞Advice and suggestions from literary editors all over the country will be sought in choosing the recipients; the final selection will be in the hands of a committee which includes about thirty well-known editors and writers of all shades of temperament. Among the authors on the committee we note: Hervey Allen, Pearl Buck, Ellen Glasgow, Sinclair Lewis, Julia Peterkin. ☞We noticed that the first French Book-of-the-Month sent to subscribers was *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne* by Georges Bernanos. This sounds in somewhat different vein from *Sous le Soleil de Satan* and *Un Crime*, previous supernaturals by M. Bernanos of which Q. has heard high praise.

☞George Seiffert, who has been selling the Coast for Doubleday, now returns to his oldtime territory in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. As souvenir of the California interlude Mr. Seiffert shows us a photo of himself in the costume necessary to sell books in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles.

☞An essay we should enjoy reading is John Buchan's "The Causal and the Casual in History" in his volume *Men and Deeds*. We find this mentioned in Peter Davies' (London) list; has it been published here? ☞E. P. Dutton & Co.'s News Briefs for Easter Week were unfortunately full of carnage: Max Miller's description of seal slaughter, and letters from big game hunters in Africa. We quote:—"On getting shot in the heart, an elephant may give a shiver. He will then dash off, sometimes grunting. If a bullet goes near this organ, or by mischance hits his stomach, this has usually an exasperating effect, and such an animal will likely be very nasty, which is natural as one cannot expect animals not to resent their injuries at times." ☞This is a pretty good (unconscious) revelation of the mind of a Big Game Hunter. ☞A pleasing obiter culled from Simon & Schuster's catalogue: "In the profession of publishing, optimism is an occupational disease." ☞Douglas McMurtrie, bibliographer of Chicago, says we were wrong to mention an Illinois-Michigan Canal broadside, 1836, as the earliest Chicago imprint. Mr. McMurtrie has recorded at least five earlier pamphlets or broadsides printed in Chicago; four dating from 1835. ☞Again Old Q. eats crow: he was misled by an item in an Argosy Bookstore catalogue. ☞The John Mistletoe Bookshop in Albany writes us that in May it will move from Lark Street to Dove Street, near the well-known Harmanus Bleecker Library. ☞A series of humorous and decorative drawings by Grant Wood are on view until May 4 at the Walker Galleries, 108 East 57 Street. These were done as illustrations for *Farm on the Hill* by Madeline D. Horn.

☞The Junior League of N. Y. C. is holding an exhibit of Best-Sellers of Our Times, from Mrs. Wiggs to Mr. Chips, from now through May 13. Frederick Lewis Allen spoke at the preview Wednesday night—his article "Best-Sellers: 1900-1935" in our Christmas issue will be recalled by readers of the *S. R. L.* ☞The Junior League's exhibit of banned books last year was widely discussed and admired; and it led to the publication—by Bowker—of *Banned Books* by Anne Haight of the Junior League's Library Committee.

☞"Patou has brought out a perfumed cologne," cries L. L. in *The New Yorker*, "and I know of nothing that can make me feel more utterly attractive than having this slathered all over my body." ☞Perhaps not the Neatest Trick of the Week, but the most Oloroso. ☞Speaking of perfumery, it's interesting to see how the reviewers have divided on *Sparkenbroke*, which Old Rhadamanthus Q. regards as definitely a touchstone for critics.

☞Old Q. was relieved to learn that the White Oxen problem at Bryn Mawr College has been solved. For its famous May Day Festival, given at Bryn Mawr every four years, White Oxen are needed to draw the Maypole to the Green. ☞Oxen completely white (and without Barn Itch) are not easy to find, so Bryn Mawr went on the air in the National Farm and Home Hour. Result, two immaculate white kine are on their way from Massachusetts. ☞The Bryn Mawr May Day takes place this year on May 8 and 9; in pageant, plays, folk dancing, and music it is probably the most authentic Elizabethan revival shown anywhere. ☞The P. R. R. puts on special trains from New York and other points; full information from The Deanery, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

The Modern Language Association of America

Books from the MLA list

Topographical Poetry in XVIII-Century England. By R. A. Aubin (*Harvard*). (xii + 419 pp., 5 illust.) $3.50. Poems (1640-1840) of the hills, the sea, towns, rivers, estates, journeys, etc., are described, with ample quotations and 100 pages of classified lists, in the light of their classical, medieval, and Renaissance background. [1]

Peter Idley's Instructions to his Son. By Charlotte D'Evelyn (*Mt. Holyoke*). (vii + 240 pp.) $2.50. Identifies Peter Idley as an Oxfordshire gentleman and office-holder in the court of Henry VI, and interprets his *Instructions* as typical of XV-century culture. The text is now first printed in full with variant MS readings. [2]

The Sublime: A study of critical theories in XVIII-century England. By S. H. Monk (*Southwestern*). (vii + 252 pp.) $2.50. Chief English theories, 1674-1800, with reference to changing tastes, concluding among romantic poets and critics. [3]

Real War of the Theatres. Shakespeare's Fellows in Rivalry with the Admiral's Men, 1594-1603. By R. B. Sharpe (*Univ. of N. Car.*) (viii + 260 pp.) $2.50. Chronological survey of theatrical and public events clarifying policies and specialties of the companies in their influence, especially on Shakespeare. [4]

Bibliography of the XVIII-Century Novel in France. By R. C. Williams (*Amherst*). (xiv + 356 pp.) $1.50. Contains nearly 1300 titles: I. list of authors; II. chronological list of novels; III. list of titles with authors. [5]

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Illustrated. $3.00

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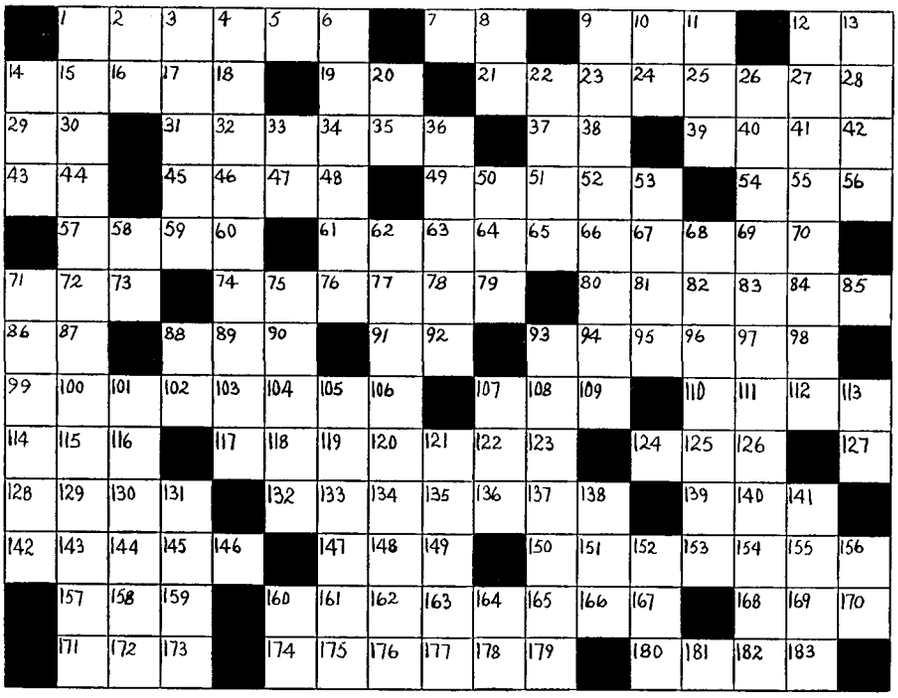
Double-Crostics: No. 109

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Prussian province.

II. Severities.

III. Devouring.

IV. Demigod attendant of Neptune.

V. Herb of the crowfoot family.

VI. Language of Abyssinia.

VII. Rabble.

VIII. Sluggishness.

IX. Disclosure.

X. Trickery (humorous).

XI. Young domestic animals.

XII. Temple on the Acropolis.

XIII. Critical preferences.

XIV. Rudely concise.

XV. The cause of the Trojan War.

XVI. English composer (1857-1934).

XVII. Washington Irving satirical publication (1807).

XVIII. Native metal.

XIX. Condition of great excitement.

XX. Dwarfs of the caves and hills (Teut.).

XXI. Concave; empty.

XXII. Purposes.

XXIII. Athenian legislator (638-558 B. C.)

XXIV. Villain of "Cymbeline."

XXV. Greek historian.

XXVI. Thursday is named for him.

XXVII. Japanese monetary unit (pl.).

XXVIII. Walked with a scraping movement.

WORDS

88 60 70 8 150 11 108 110 163 169 183

122 22 14 129 142 167

126 160 168 116 64 91 153 79

134 35 144 177 181 128

48 53 39 62 90 136 112 143

82 119 135 105 141 51 3

15 172 75 120 40 49 27 20

123 25 161 5 118 95

77 2 99 175 18 155

71 127 46 50 84 89 138 164 170 67 98

52 69 102 43 158 132 156

59 148 41 47 139 9 72 36 86 26

6 100 146 33 85 38

61 111 29 42

178 4 106 17 83

140 55 80 32 159

124 147 180 45 54 154 94 176 21 115

133 104 13

76 151 58 73 81

166 87 103 114 63 131

165 121 56 97 28 130

16 68 109 101

171 66 152 162 31

37 107 117 10 7 174 19

173 149 182 74 93 125 57 137

30 157 113 78

44 1 145 23

179 24 34 65 92 96 12

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By DeLancey Ferguson

IN discussing "The Influence of European Ideas in Nineteenth Century America" in a recent issue of *American Literature*, Howard Mumford Jones starts from the thesis that "the United States is a part of the west-European cultural hegemony, and [that] its civilization results from the interplay of American *and* European forces."

Taken by itself, the thesis is as self-evident as the fact that we speak English. But Professor Jones goes on to relate the influences at work in this country before the Civil War to two main philosophic concepts: post-Revolutionary or post-Napoleonic rationalism, and the dynamic view of nature. The eighteenth century belief in absolute reason did not survive Napoleon, but Professor Jones finds that American theology, philosophy, and education were strongly influenced by the concept of the relativity of rationalism. The dynamic conception of nature lies between Newtonianism and Darwinianism, and prepares the way for evolution. By it "the universe is seen in terms of creative energy rather than of mechanical motion, its perfection being the harmony of the Divine Artist rather than the unity of a perpetual motion machine designed by a Great Engineer. The mechanistic view yields to the organic. . . ." One or other of these concepts Professor Jones, in an article containing eighty-six column-inches of text to 138 inches of footnotes, detects in almost every phase of American thought before 1860, from the teaching of mathematics at West Point to the landscapes of the Hudson River School.

In the same magazine Portia Baker's "Walt Whitman's Relations with some New York Magazines" surveys the published criticism during Walt's lifetime, and concludes "that Whitman did not have such a great grievance against the periodicals as he liked to have others, especially his English friends, suppose. . . . One is even a little surprised . . . to discover that [he] received as much attention and as much appreciation from the magazines as he did."

"Poetic Form in *Conquistador*" is discussed by W. E. Aiken in *Modern Language Notes* for February. Mr. Aiken points out the indebtedness of MacLeish's line form to the alliterative structure of Old English verse.

That the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney was capable of cattiness is suggested by James Holly Hanford and Sara Ruth Watson in an article on "Personal Allegory in the 'Arcadia'" in a recent issue of *Modern Philology*. They argue that Sidney not only flattered Queen Elizabeth by identifying her with Helen, the model queen of Corinth in his story, but also caricatured her as Andromana, queen of Iberia, who is portrayed as passionate and tyrannical and as possessing "exceeding red haire with small eyes which did (like ill companions) disgrace the other assembly of most commendable beauties." If so, we must think worse of Sidney's knightliness, but even better of his courage.

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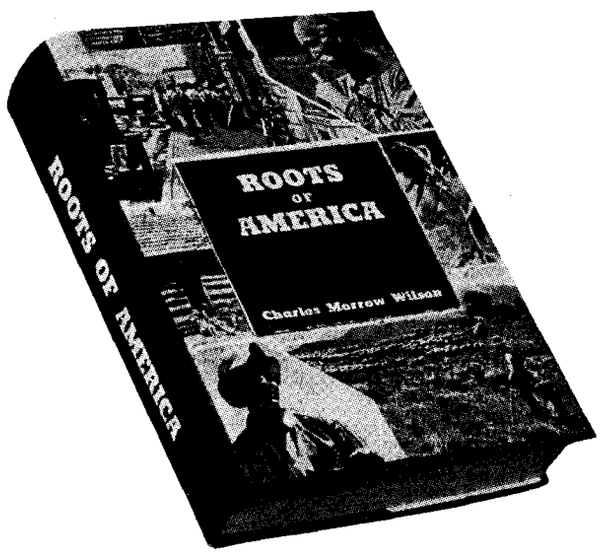

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